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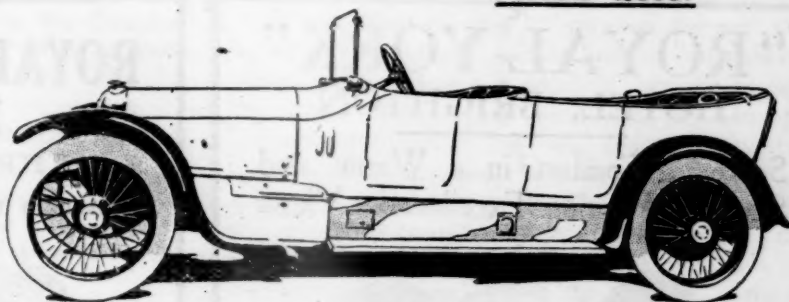
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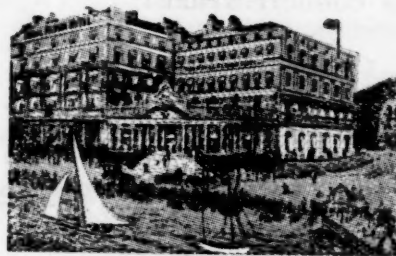
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Notes of the Week

A GOOD point is made by a correspondent who disguises himself as "A Novelist" in the current number of the *Author*. He writes to call attention to the misuse of the word "edition," so freely to be met with in publishers' announcements and advertisements. It is obvious that the statement, "Third edition already exhausted"—which to the ordinary reader brings a vision of enormous sales, a proud and beaming author, and a publisher's staff working overtime—means nothing in the absence of any agreement as to the approximate number of copies in an edition; in fact, the writer of the letter mentions the case of a third "edition" of a book being announced when only about a hundred copies had been sold. So extreme an instance, amounting to deliberate and dishonest deception of the public, we suppose is very rare; at the same time many publishers who would deny indignantly any charge of crooked dealing allow themselves, or their managers, to play upon that curious propensity of the public which urges it to spend freely where money is already being spent.

There is no necessity, as far as we can see, to fix exactly the number which shall be signified by "an edition"; what we should like to find is a general understanding that the word shall not be used with utter

vagueness to mean any figure the publisher chooses. At present it may mean anything from fifty to ten thousand, or more—which is simply a ridiculous state of affairs. By the magical phrase, mesmeric to the avid novel-reader, "Second edition sold out," and its variants, books of no value whatever from the point of view of literature or even entertainment are fanned into a brief, bright fame before they die; the critics smile sardonically, and puzzled readers of any taste who have been induced to buy wonder why the "huge sales" ever began. "A Novelist" suggests that "an edition might be fixed at anything from 3,000 to 5,000, or from 500 to 3,000"; it seems more judicious to make the range from 500 to 2,000, since hardly any publisher prints fewer than 500 copies even of an unknown writer's work. With a little trouble and a short discussion between those interested in the subject this minor problem of publishing ethics could be solved to the satisfaction of all reasonable persons.

The president of an "Information Bureau" should be an omniscient and patient person, and above all things should possess a sense of humour to lighten his task. One eager questioner of the special columns conducted by an enterprising evening contemporary inquired, last week, why the moon seems to vary in size and colour; why we see the moon "quite distinctly in the morning in January and February and not at any other time"—a rather ambiguous question; and if the changes of the moon affect the weather. And then, as a climax, he asks if it is possible for a person "who has a fairly good knowledge of the universe and of spectrum analysis, and also of the making of astronomical instruments" to obtain a situation in an observatory. We envy him his satisfaction in admitting a "fairly good knowledge of the universe"—a comprehensive equipment, surely, for any human being. But it seems a pity that while this gentleman was immersed in the study of the spectrum, and devoted to the manufacture of astronomical instruments, he did not give a few minutes occasionally to the elements of astronomy; it would have made him so much more useful in an observatory!

An American editor who complains that "the new type of magazine has no region of repose," and says emphatically that "we ought to return to the calmer philosophy of Emerson," is worthy of our attention. Thinking the matter over, we believe the first statement to be absolutely true. The average magazine—we do not refer to the half-dozen or so in each country which are renowned for the fineness of their illustrations and the literary style of their articles and stories—is not a pleasant sight to readers with a sense of beauty, either on its pictorial side or that of its letterpress. The fiction purveyed is of quite a hopeless description, and is rendered none the more attractive by the knowledge that it is often written by men and women who could do better, and know it, but who choose to turn their backs on art for the sake of a more ready market.

The Betrayal

[See Plate iv of Miniatures and Borders from a Flemish Horae, reproduced in honour of Sir George Warner, 1911.]

A FAIR night for the work. The man doth send
The people from him, for the Feast is near;
And these armed men the High Priest bade attend
To take him walking in the garden here,
Stand ready, watching for the signal kiss.
He comes at last; but ah! that first word, "Friend,"
With the old look, wakes the old awe; and this,
This only, is left to do—to make an end.

Far off the trees are still against the sky;
But here the lances toss, the torches flare.
Thrice happy ruffians they, who know Him not
On whom they lay their hands, who know not why
Darken the drawn brows of Iscariot
With love too late remembered and despair.

ARUNDELL ESDAILE.

Sea-Saning

WHEN the whole world grows petty, and desire
Is spent with small pursuit of little boons;
When to a cresset dwindles all that fire
That made gold dawns and high imperial noons;
When from the tyranny of paltry fears
The spirit shrinks, and lesser griefs have power
To evoke the sacred privileges of tears,
Assigned to sorrow's more immortal hour;
Then for renewal grant me but a space
Unpeopled by my kind—some rocky spit
Where I can feel the salt spray on my face,
Greet the far-travelled wind, and share with it
The stark assault, the incorrigible glee
And splendid passion of the untamed sea.

PHIL. J. FISHER.

Possession

WHEN first I knew the joy thy presence brought,
And thrilled in all my being at thy voice,
As harp strings quiver, when a singer's choice
Falls on some true love song; 'twas then I sought
To learn of Love, and all that he had wrought.
And I have learnt of him; now am I free
To hold my head on high, since I know thee.
All that I do is with new meaning fraught,
All that I dream is thine, each word I speak
Is thine to take or leave. My love is strong
And deep and wide, my words alone are weak.
I see thee as I saw thee first, and long
To see again; through all the world I seek
Thy face, and treasure in my heart a song.

GRACE CRACKNALL.

The Passover of Ulster

NOW that the Easter vacation is an existing fact, it may be useful to reflect on the critical issues which have strangely moved Parliament and various communities in the country. It is usual at this time of the year to remember the message of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill toward men," and—where it is at all possible—to think well instead of ill. No personal references will be made in the few general remarks which we shall offer to-day respecting lamentable occurrences which all have observed in the treatment of a problem demanding the highest statesmanship, the most scrupulous integrity, and the noblest aspirations.

Unless after a period of calm, other influences, other manners, the "milk of human kindness" assert themselves, a final seal may be set on the influence for good—not selfish but world-wide good—which the English, the Scottish, the Irish confraternity throughout the world has attempted not in vain, and may by union some day gloriously accomplish.

To expect men to pursue an end in any way other than manly is to desire the unattainable, and, moreover, would probably defeat the inscrutable design. It is well at this season to be mindful of the "Light shining out of darkness."

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will."

So whilst much, that we shall not stigmatise to-day, has occurred in the heat and passion of Parliamentary debates or platform oratory which is wholly lamentable, one bright feature has emerged, as there is "a star for every state, and a state for every star," and that feature has been the complete tranquillity which has reigned in Ireland. The one side and the other there have shown an unparalleled immobility in face of the storms in Parliament, and a strange confidence in the ultimate working out of their salvation.

Is not such an attitude an augury for good? If the Roman Catholic and the Protestant in Ireland can maintain a calm unknown in history; is it well to banish hope that they may one day unite in a glorious hegemony and march with their brothers and sisters of the Empire to share in that Empire's glory and her lot?

Conciliation—even in politics—has within the last week or two made its appeal—more than is widely known—to men in whose ears until recently alone blew the blast of war. The interval from strife which the Feast of the Paschal lamb brings with it, may yet attain to the not unattainable meridian of the real and deep-rooted desires of three nations and an Empire.

CECIL COWPER.

Competitions and Records

"Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands."

THE impudent women of Israel, who, with their tabrets and their joy, set the king and his captain by the ears, set a pernicious fashion that is since become the canker of sport. Competition in games is inevitable, and something more substantial than laurels is sought on the modern racing track. The spirit of rivalry with firearms is common to the grouse butts and rifle butts, and the record heads inscribed in Rowland Ward's Valhalla continue to inspire ambitions of lowering these, if only by a bare half-inch over the curve. Only a man born a hundred years too late, and with more than the common courage of his opinions, would seriously protest against these recognised institutions.

The quiet angler was longer in yielding to such insidious temptations. Time was, not long ago, when he was content to fish alone and apart, seeking the secret friendship of Nature, and, when fortune so far favoured him, prizing a good fish or a full creel for its own sake, and not loving a trout or a roach any the more because it happened to exceed by an inch or an ounce any other previously taken from the same water.

Unfortunately, but also irrevocably, all this is changed. The fisherman of to-day must be in the movement. He is no longer sufficient to himself. He has ceased to find pleasure in his own company, and fishes for choice in the company of his fellows. Not in such gregarious mood does he seek salmon or trout; but the less polite miscellany known as "coarse fish," as well as the varied harvest of the sea angler, are taken by jostling anglers who fish for prizes. For this innovation we have unquestionably to thank the angling clubs, and we make bold to say that, since our sport has benefited very little, our gratitude need not be effusive.

Ethically, perhaps, there is not very much to be said against the fishing competition. Most men are gamblers. If they do not gamble at cards, at golf, or at billiards, they will gamble at fishing, risking their entrance fee on the chance of winning a prize. The same is done in tennis and croquet tournaments, and there is no need to thunder against these recognised competitions with the righteous denunciation of Solomon Eagle declaiming from the burning roof of St. Paul's, or in the more caustic epigram of Father Bernard Vaughan reproving naughty sinners in the pages of a monthly review.

Yet it was once the pride of fishing that it held curiously aloof from the sordid business of pounds, shillings, and pence. We have no record of the first angling competition ever held, but probably Mr. Senior or Mr. Marston could tell us. It may, we imagine, have been a pegged-down match among working men along the towing-path of some canal or other in the North Country. Only a snob would despise the sport enjoyed by these humble brethren of the angle

among the bream and roach of their sluggish waters, in which they prove themselves as adroit fishermen as others of their class on Thames or Lea. Indeed, if an element of hazard helps, on a Saturday afternoon, to make up for the weary toil of the fifty working hours that went before, we should be the last to criticise their recreation.

The objection to these contests is that they ruin many waters and pervert the right and proper spirit of sport. Towards the end of the day, you may see the competitors seized with a frenzied determination to fish against time, a mood of hustle that should be distasteful to the true sportsman, and that is certainly hostile to the best canons of his art. Success in such competitions is measured wholly by the result, whereas, in other circumstances, the result should count for little or nothing in the sum of the day's enjoyment by the waterside.

Were the vogue of the fishing competition restricted to the working class, one would be reluctant to criticise in any hostile spirit the amusement of those whose life is none too full of it; but it is not. Of late years, these contests have become very popular in salt water, and attract many whose means and position might, one would have thought, have suggested other ways of making holiday. Of the manner in which such gatherings are regulated in fresh water we have no first-hand knowledge, but we were at one time in touch with those responsible for the ordering of important sea angling competitions from piers and boats, and on one occasion we were one of the judges. Never having taken part as a competitor, it was easy to see most of the game, and it is difficult to recall a single case in which it was found possible so to frame the conditions that the prize went to the best fisherman and not to the luckiest. In short, the trophies might just as well have been tossed for as fished for. Equally ludicrous is the not uncommon spectacle of a very small fish winning a very large prize, and we actually saw, in one well-known pier competition, a pollack of a few ounces carry off a challenge cup weighing as many pounds. It is difficult not to condemn such an award, but it is more than difficult, it is impossible, to prevent it, since, if the conditions were so modified as to preclude such a result, few, if any, would compete.

This sort of dipping in a lucky tub like the sea cannot by the wildest stretch of courtesy or flight of imagination be likened to the arduous battles of skill and endurance that must be fought by the finalists in a lawn tennis or croquet tournament. The angling competition is much more in the nature of a lottery. If, as such, it really gives pleasure, we are loath to be a spoil-sport; yet it is surely a finer thing for the fisherman to match his skill against the fish than against his neighbour. Apart from the winning of a cup, there can be very little satisfaction in catching more fish than the man standing near you. Such a match is clearly no test whatever of skill; and if it comes to trying your luck, why not leave the fish alone and cut each other through a pack of cards for red or black?

Yet, as there should be two sides to every question, can nothing be said in favour of the angling competition? It is certainly sociable, and an occasional gathering of fishermen may, for aught we know, be a wholesome corrective to more selfish shunning of the profane crowd. Further, such contests are doubtless good for trade (for more trades than one), which may be set to their credit. That is about all that can be said for the defence.

The craving to catch a "record" specimen appeals to a slightly different instinct, one that in our day pervades every class of the community and leads to wonderful, though quite useless, feats of all kinds, from piano-playing to swinging clubs. Here, again, luck is the arbiter. Speaking generally, however, this strange hunger on the part of the fisherman to lower another's record is less prejudicial to sport and sportsmanship than the angling competition. It entails no hurry. It does not lead to overfishing or overcrowding. Failure does no harm, and each attempt may, at any rate, result in clearing lakes and rivers of old pike or trout that do more harm alive than dead. As, moreover, the heaviest fish are, as a rule, the most wary, their deliberate capture of set purpose calls for more art than the haphazard wooing of fortune in a match. Yet luck is all-important, for the fisherman does not intentionally stalk a particular carp or roach after the fashion of the big game hunter bringing his telescope to bear on a herd that he may shoot the beast with the finest horns. True, he who fishes with a floating fly for trout, or who casts over an individual salmon of which he knows the whereabouts, exercises such selection; but those who fish for salmon and trout take no great interest in establishing new records, and a pegged-down match on a Hampshire chalk stream is but a nightmare of democracy gone mad. It is the pike, roach, and sea fish that furnish most of the specimens, and those whom fortune favours are not of necessity better craftsmen than their unsuccessful rivals. Most of the skill lies in playing a heavy fish to the gaff or net. If the big carp or roach will not take the bait, there is no way of making it.

All said and done, is not this Marathon touch in the Contemplative Man's Recreation a matter for regret? Were we not better without it? Prizes on the running track, with their classic precedent, are part and parcel of athletic meetings. In such contests the best man wins, or ought to; and the trophies are the reward of merit and not of luck. Prizes should not be needed in a sport like fishing, but in any case they are invariably the reward of luck, and of merit not at all.

"From Russia to Siam; with a voyage down the Danube," is the title of a new travel book by Mr. Ernest Young, which will appear shortly through Mr. Max Goschen. The volume contains chapters on life in a Russian monastery, on Finland, Corsica, Siam and other parts of Central and Eastern Europe, and is fully illustrated from the author's photographs.

REVIEWS

The Wellesley Correspondence

The Wellesley Papers. Two Vols. By the EDITOR of the Windham Papers. (Herbert Jenkins. 32s. net.)

IT would be difficult to exaggerate the interest which attaches to this selection from the correspondence of the Marquis Wellesley. Letters which have not till now seen the light of day since they were written, from men like Wellington and Portland, Aberdeen and Brougham, Castlereagh and Melbourne, Canning and Grey, Palmerston and Peel, Creevey and Wilberforce, together with Wellesley's own voluminous epistles, cannot fail to throw valuable side-lights on the history of an exceptionally fascinating period, covering the Irish Rebellion, the Napoleonic Wars, the extension and consolidation of British power in India, and the first Reform Bill. The editor says he does not propose to undertake the task of writing a detailed account of the career of "the great Marquis," "if for no other reason than that it would be supererogatory." We cannot agree that a new "Life" would be superfluous. Considerable as is the material available for reference, in the shape of biographies, dispatches, and histories, from Mill's, Malleon's, and Hunter's to Wyatt Tilby's, the impression a careful study of these papers leaves upon our mind is that an up-to-date appreciation of Wellesley might well be based on so much new matter. Who could be better fitted to give the world such a work than the man who has so recently made it his business to go through the correspondence? If he feels unequal to the Herculean task, he has, by the preparation of these documents for the press, provided someone else with an excellent reason for stepping in where he hesitates to tread. Whilst there are few pages in these two substantial volumes which do not contain some attractive, even valuable, item concerning men and affairs, they leave an incomplete picture on the reader's mind of the character and purpose of the principal actor in a truly Imperial story. It is much as though, having discovered Cromwell's warts, one drew the barest outline of his features and made the warts the essential characteristic of the picture.

It seems to be the fate of the men to whom the British Empire owes most to be misunderstood by the people at home who will ultimately benefit by their devoted labours and self-sacrifice. That was true of Raleigh in the seventeenth century: it has been true of men like Frere and Corfield in our own time, and it was true of men like Clive and Warren Hastings in the eighteenth century. The Marquis Wellesley shared the common lot of the best of our Empire-builders. He was depreciated in his lifetime and narrowly escaped impeachment by politicians who, in the conventional phrase, were hardly fit to black his boots. So surely does depreciation seem to follow in the wake

of high Imperial service that we are almost inclined to suggest that unless there be a certain amount of obloquy there is probably no real greatness about the individual! Before he died, in 1842, there was a better understanding of what Wellesley had accomplished in India. But recognition only came after his spirit had been embittered and, to some extent, his life spoilt. Wellesley was a man of very exceptional parts: he could not have been altogether a lovable man except to his closest friends, and even with them his relations were not always of the happiest. He was conscious of abilities beyond those of his fellows, and, unfortunately for their and his own peace, he did not hesitate to say sometimes, and show in season and out, precisely what he thought of their limited capacities. Nothing in this world is more galling to the man of real ability than to find himself continually subordinate to others whom he would hardly have chosen as under-secretaries. Wellesley's ambition was to be Prime Minister, and when the chance came to him, he found it impossible to form a Government. He filled various offices for longer or shorter periods, including those of Foreign Secretary and of Viceroy of Ireland. In Ireland, during a troubled time, he did masterly work in the way alike of pacification and conciliation.

Wellesley was indeed a born ruler. In his way, he was as remarkable a man as his more famous brother, the Iron Duke. It has been said that he would be better known to-day if he had not been overshadowed by the victor of Waterloo. The chances are he would have secured a larger hold on his contemporaries and on posterity if he had been less ready to assert himself in England as though he were the autocrat he proved himself to be, with the most admirable results, in India. In Calcutta he talked of his "subjects," and he put what passed for society in that city in what he conceived to be its proper place. At the Foreign Office and in Ireland he was equally self-sufficient, and Creevy spoke of him as "a great calamity inflicted on England." It is impossible to read these two volumes without feeling that it would be well for England if she could more frequently suffer a similar burden. We know too little of Wellesley, notwithstanding the mass of material already available; and this collection from his correspondence will have served a considerable purpose if it turns a certain number of readers to a study of his career. His character might serve as a shining example to some of the friends of the people at this moment. After the capture of Seringapatam, the Court of Directors, who later were to take another view of the debt they owed him, were anxious to present him with £100,000. He politely declined to take the money, on the ground that if such an amount were to be distributed it should go to the brave men who had effected the capture.

Apart altogether from any light these volumes may throw on a very fine character, whatever its defects, they are a peculiarly valuable collection of the most intimate data concerning the politics of the first third of the nineteenth century. No future biographer of

Wellington or Canning will be able to discharge his task satisfactorily without reference to the Wellesley Papers. We cannot say that we think the revelations they contain of the intrigues, the weighing of chances, the efforts to reconcile views, the explanations, the often thinly disguised ambitions advanced in the name of principle and policy, the bickerings and the eagerness to secure preferment redound to the dignity of public life. What a spectacle is that of Melbourne and Wellesley calling each other names in an interview after Wellesley had been dropped out of the Government of Ireland. It is the sort of thing we might expect from a couple of bank clerks charging each other with not playing the game. On the other hand there are some delightful glimpses of Pitt, Brougham, Peel, and others. Brougham is at his best in a "Private and Confidential" letter explaining to Wellesley that he had written an article for the *Edinburgh* in defence of his Indian administration, on the principle that when a friend is to be defended there is but one course, to admit nothing at all against him. "In fact, you had better not defend him at all, for the enemy pounces upon the admission and that becomes conviction; the rest goes for nothing. You perceive that I am a little of old Jack Lee's opinion who, when the Judge said: 'You admit that, Mr. Lee, I suppose,' answered, 'Admit! I never admitted anything in my life.' Not," added Brougham, "that I see there is anything to admit, and that comes very near the essential truth." Brougham saw, what we all recognise to-day, that Wellesley had established British supremacy in India, and that constitutes his claim to a place among the Empire-builders.

Before the Deluge

Remarkable Women of France. By LIEUT.-COLONEL ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD, D.S.O. (Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.)

WE cannot think that the author of "The France of Joan of Arc" has added to his laurels with the present work, and we are inclined to trace his comparative failure to his choice of a subject. "Remarkable Women of France" is too big a question, or rather it is too vast a collection of subjects. Frenchmen, we have read recently, "generalise against any odds," and Colonel Haggard has perhaps caught the infection in the course of some of his many "days among the dead" of France. But whereas the Frenchman is not generally over-lavish with his examples, Colonel Haggard has been a great deal too bountiful with his, if his thesis, "that the general effect that they" (the remarkable women of France) "produced was deleterious," is to be taken seriously. This thesis is restated from time to time, so we imagine that it is not a mere ornamental adjunct to the story.

It is difficult to reduce the remarkable women of France to any common measure above unity—that is

to say, "woman." It would, no doubt, be easier for a period of less than three and a half centuries, the approximate era dealt with in these pages. In the same way the greatest common measure of the pictures in the National Gallery could only be "picture," though, by taking one room at a time, we should get more decisive results. The brothers Goncourt wrote a book about the Frenchwoman of the Eighteenth Century, which leaves the impression on the reader's mind that they have proved something—more or less. They did not explicitly draw the conclusion, cheap yet precious in its general application, and the most dangerous weapon in the armoury of Suffrage societies, that power without responsibility is the most fatal of gifts, but they have supplied the premises. So, by the way, has Colonel Haggard. The Book of Kings abounds in this inarticulate, perhaps unconscious logic. "And he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord." When this judgment has been repeated over the bones of a score of Hebrew kings, we come to the conclusion that the chronicler did not entirely approve of kingship as an institution. We cannot suppose that Colonel Haggard disapproves of either womanhood or the French nation as institutions; he must therefore disapprove of the relations imposed by history on the women to the men of the ruling classes, and those relations belong to every country of the world and to almost every century of the world's history. We are not arguing, and we do not mean to make Colonel Haggard argue, in favour of Women's Suffrage; the irresponsible ruler is often a man, dictating his anonymous decrees from a business office or an editor's chair. All we wish to point out is that no valuable conclusion is to be drawn from a series of lives of Frenchwomen, unless it be such a one as we have just indicated. Ancient compilers of biographical sequences have sometimes linked their subjects together by regarding them as instances of the instability of human affairs; they are on safe enough ground, but their secret was "le secret de polichinelle" and their audience consisted only of the converted.

Colonel Haggard might have written on the "remarkable *men* of France," and used his thesis, with the change of the one word, equally successfully. We live "après le déluge," and find it difficult to think of anyone existing before 1789 as wholly irresponsible for the Revolution. Take the kings. They all of them "did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord," morally or politically. Colonel Haggard has little good to tell of the French kings. Henry IV seems to be his only exception. For Louis XIV he has nothing but opprobrium. Take the ministers. Sully is not much mentioned; Colbert, who has had his share of praise in the histories, here appears as a grasping, short-sighted, and unscrupulous politician; d'Argenson might have done something but for the ladies, but "might" is a poor word to figure in a historical balance-sheet. Among military commanders we find that the great Condé was a monstrously over-rated person.

We have said too little of the detail of the book,

which is often good and entertaining. But the thesis has worked sad havoc with the work as a whole. The intrigues surrounding the Mancini family, and their descendants, the Nesle family, are far too complicated to go into a chapter or two and make easy reading. We get a blurred and despairing sensation, as if we were trying to read a half-inch-to-the-mile map for the purposes of a delicate and precise journey across country. The style has suffered from this compression, and we could quote some head-racking sentences. The method of synonyms is sometimes carried to wearisome extremes; "spiteful old woman" and "good dame" is a large allowance for Mme. de Maintenon on one page. Printer's errors accumulate here and there—"Mme. de Guyont" and "Télémarque" occur, naturally enough, when we come to think of it, quite close together. The pictures are mostly old friends. No; we are disappointed with "Remarkable Women of France."

Some Poets of Great and Greater Britain—and Beyond

A Woman's Reliquary. (The Cuala Press, Churchtown, Dundrum. 10s. 6d.)

Madge Linsey, and Other Poems. By DORA SIGERSON SHORTER. (Maunsel and Co. 1s. net.)

The Saga of King Lir. By GEORGE SIGERSON. (Maunsel and Co. 1s. net.)

Lyrics and Poems. By EDITH RUTTER-LEATHAM. (Erskine MacDonald. 2s. 6d. net.)

A Ballad of Men, and Other Verses. By WILLIAM BLANE. (Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Aurora. By G. DE ST. OVEN. (Co-operative Publishing Co., Buenos Aires.)

Wayside Poems, and A Modern Magdalene. By E. J. RUPERT ATKINSON. (McEwan, Stephens and Stillwell, Melbourne. 2s. each.)

THE authorship of "A Woman's Reliquary" is so thinly veiled in the "Editor's note," and brought so much nearer disclosure in the "Publisher's note," that we need have no sense of betraying a secret in stating it plainly. Mrs. Dowden is here giving to the world, through the satisfactory medium of the Cuala Press, a series of a hundred-and-one love lyrics from the pen of her late husband, Professor Edward Dowden. There is something peculiarly touching in such a bequest to the public, for no one reading these lyrics can ignore their intimacy, their prime intent for the eye and ear of the one chosen person. Nor can anyone doubt that Mrs. Dowden has done right, fearing lest they should be lost, in forgoing her sole title to them; for many of the lyrics are of that quality which constitutes an appeal to the trusteeship of literature. Readers who are familiar with Professor Dowden's work will know him for one who fashioned his lines with strict regard to economy and with a sense of music that rarely erred. There is no diminution of such qualities in these poems;

they are as a collection of cut gems, often inwardly glowing with a thought of flame, always alive with passion severely restrained, always charming to ear and heart. Let us take one example:—

Free forester of Dian's train,
Yet swift arms girdled her about
At one glad word: and how refrain?
The dykes were down, the floods were out:

Life was abroad; it was not I
Who wrought a thing I knew not of;
It was the whole world's ecstasy
That woke and trembled into love.

There are many would-be lyricists who could claim a similar flux of emotion, but who come far short of such clarity of concentration. One might speak of another value confessed by this cycle of lyrics; for they are testimony to a spirit that kept its visions untarnished, and its optimism uncorrupted to the end. There can only be gratitude for this privileged acquaintance with a heart that could sing with conviction:—

I throw my gage
And dare you, who can never prove
That youth was half so blest as age.

"Little and often" would appear to be Mrs. Shorter's adage; there is not much in this new volume, but the narrow limits suffice to display her varied powers. The title-poem treats of a maid who strayed, and of the differing dispositions and dealings of her two lovers. So far as the substance goes it receives adequate treatment, but we do not altogether care for the metre Mrs. Shorter has chosen; she has not been quite at home in it, with the result that her usually free-flowing lines are often jerky and disjointed, and instead of tripping meetly they stumble clumsily. Two examples will illustrate:—

Not since the squire's son came of age in the spring
Had his ale flowed so free, or the coin rung.

Pure mother of my child, I in my dreaming spoke,
God knew and rescued me, kept my soul white.

It would probably surprise anyone not acquainted with the whole poem to learn that in both instances the standard foot is dactylic! There is, however, a charming experiment in a similar metre, at the end of the book, in "The Spies." Here Mrs. Shorter has a pastoral subject, and the effect is more pleasing. One or two poems are deftly dressed with fearsome faery—an Irish flavour about these; one is a dainty song of Spanish ladies, and more than one, of course, glows with the tender sentiment of motherhood. We like a short lyric beginning "Build no roof-tree over thee," which acquits itself in singularly straightforward fashion; also "The Sister," which brings the little book to a spirited close. A little book—but, with Dora Sigerson Shorter's name upon it, wondrous cheap at a shilling.

Mr. George Sigerson sings the Ancient Sorrows in true Celtic style in "The Saga of King Lir." As a story it seems a little inconclusive, but that may be mere Sassenach density on our part. The blank verse is handled with strength and dignity; there is no waste, none of the endless skein of words which sometimes passes for blank verse. Every line is fashioned with frugal care, fashioned to tell; and Mr. Sigerson's effects are often admirable. There is a fine image on page 17 which has an almost Virgilian suggestion, and it is typical of this poet's restraint that where many could not have forbore to give us a frenzied tirade, he is content with a swift, vivid picture of the disgraced Queen Aifa's final outburst:—

And she was swept, bat-winged, a murky mist,
With discords harsh, from Lir's averted face.

Is there not, too, a very subtle inclusion of anguished King Lir, in that cunning phrase, "a murky mist"? The opening lines of Part II will, perhaps, give the most comprehensive idea of Mr. Sigerson's craftsmanship in a small compass:—

Three nights she sickened: on the fourth she died,
When darkly breathes the scythed breath of morn
Lir's loved and queenly spouse. For him a wound;
His haughty brow was bent, his keen eyes dim.
He could not rest in hall, or hill, or vale,
But moved disconsolate. In war no more—
No more in peace was joy. The chase he'd loved
He loathed, who had its splendour been. Her death
Smote generous Erinn mourning with the king.

Miss Rutter-Leatham extends an open invitation to the coy song-composer to taste of her wares, and a considerable proportion of the contents of this book is planned accordingly. These items are a little obviously written down to what are commonly supposed to be the requirements of the case, and as poetry are not remarkable. The rest is pleasantly sentimental, with a touch of the sententious; but there are some five or six pieces of a stronger texture—"The Outward Tide," "The End of Maytime," and "The Kiss" are the best of these.

Mr. William Blane, poet, sometime of South Africa and elsewhere, deserves to be heard. There are one or two weak or negligible numbers in this, his latest volume, but not many; while the choice of good fare is various. "A Ballad of Men" strikes the keynote of his qualities very well: the language is simple and direct, the verse runs smoothly—almost negligently—yet to the discerning it is carefully planned and well disciplined. In manner this "Ballad" has a strong kinship with the work of Mr. W. W. Gibson. It is difficult to state what is most admirable of the "Other Verses," whether the bracing, indomitable spirit of such pieces as "Thank God I am Discontented" and the sonnet "Not Yet I Yield," the caustic dignity of "The Soul of a Millionaire," the well-etched portrait of "The Prospector," or the measured beauty of "He

Owned but His Lyre." There is a sure appeal in these closing stanzas of the lines to "To F.E.W." :—

To vie with the ancients we glow;
And, smooth, from the modern lyre
The numbers unchallenged flow,
But O! for beliefs to inspire.
We feel it, we falter, and long
To forms that were Faiths to cleave,
For not what we doubt makes us strong,
But what we believe.

Some time ago we reviewed a remarkable little collection of somewhat archaic sonnets, hailing from Buenos Aires. Mr. De St. Ouen now sends us his second volume of verse. This book enables us to sample the author in less restricted forms, but it largely confirms our previous impressions. He is an apt pupil of the poets, and not of the Elizabethans alone, it seems, for there is more than a suspicion, in some of these pages, of Swinburne. But there is undeniably something else; there is real evidence of personal power, both of imagination and of expression. Mr. De St. Ouen has facility—and this should warn him to caution—but there are poems in this outland volume which merit acquaintance quite as much as some by recognised contemporary bards at home. "The Last God," an ambitious effort covering nearly fifty pages, is, to put it moderately, the stuff of healthy promise. We should like to quote the whole of the first three stanzas on page 95, but have space only for a fragment:—

The trees shook to the wind's soft fingerings,
And shed their leaves like tears that mourned the sun,
And all the world was as some place where things
Mysterious and sweet in gloom are done,
And common men intrude.

A little too much "and," perhaps, but informed with a true spirit. We shall look with interest for this poet's further work.

Mr. Rupert Atkinson's work is also a confession of merit overseas. It is well wrought, copious in diction and filled out with a sufficient thoughtfulness. We may commend these qualities while we dissent from Mr. Atkinson's philosophy of life, which is of the decadent order. There are some good numbers in the "Wayside Poems," but there are some very bitter ones, and a sequence of "Melbourne Sonnets" is mordantly satirical. The author has deemed it wise to preface "A Modern Magdalene" with a defence of his theme. He argues with some cogency that discerning treatment of a decadent subject may, by reaction, make for virtue, and that "such decadence is, ultimately, simply an expression of optimism made in terms of pessimism." All the same, while deferring to the technical mastery which is characteristic of this poem, we are unconvinced that any adequate end is served in the revival of the mediæval theme of a monk and a courtesan, "who each swearing to convert the other, were both successful." We are not even convinced of the truth of the theory.

A Troubled Land

The Real Mexico. By H. HAMILTON FYFE. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s. net.)

WE are informed, at the beginning of this work, that it is but a sketch of things seen hastily—though these words are not used—and that there is a possibility of the man who knows differing from the writer on many points. Granting the superficial view which the author necessarily takes after a very brief sojourn in the country, we can yet find in his work a number of valuable conclusions, for the writing is that of a thinking man, one who realised the difficulty of finding the real Mexico in these turbulent days, and at the same time made up his mind to profit as much as possible by his visit. One point, made early in the book, is extremely illuminating to the outsider. It is a sentence spoken by Carranza, the Insurgent leader at the time the book was written—though by the time these lines appear in print there may have been three or four more rebel leaders appointed and shot.

"We shall execute anyone who recognises a President unconstitutionally elected and directly or indirectly guilty of participation in the murder of Madero."

This speech was afterwards denied by Carranza, but the writer vouches for its having been made, and the attitude which it makes clear goes far to explain the unsettled state of the Mexico of to-day. Even the outsider must understand that, with the gradual awakening of a people, there comes about the formation of a middle class, formed neither of rich oppressors nor of poor labourers, but standing mid-way between these two, and in many respects more enlightened than either. They are the traders of the country, its mercantile men; the wholesale executions practised by either political party in Mexico in order to support its policy and remove its enemies are not in accordance with the ideas of this class—such things are bad for trade, and frequent revolutions are also bad for trade. But, on the other hand, the tyranny of a Diaz is equally repressive; these people do not wish to see the country go back to its old state, by any means—and in course of time they will come to form the most important class of such a country as Mexico, for the landed classes are Spanish, arrogant, unbusinesslike, and imbued with the same ideas as move Carranza—one or two executions more or less are all the same to them. At the other end of the scale are the *peons*, or labourers, who form the armies of the various parties which convulse the country, and find fighting just as much to their taste as regular work.

Of these three classes is the real Mexico made up, and there results a country not yet ripe for self-government, as far as can be seen, and exhausting itself in a series of useless struggles; the problem of its settlement is still further complicated by the Spanish-American character of its inhabitants, which makes for war on points which men of another race would settle amicably—all of South America, with the exception of Argentina, proves the

incapacity of the Spanish-American to govern in peaceful and commercially sane fashion, and the prosperity of Argentina is largely due to the great admixture of other races with the original stock.

Possibly in this, a gradual admixture of other races with that which now inhabits Mexico, lies the solution to the Mexican problem. Certain it is that the country cannot go back to the ways of Porfirio Diaz—Mr. Fyfe has made that clear enough in the pages of this book; has shown that the people of the country have been too thoroughly awakened for return to tyranny, no matter how benevolent in intent that tyranny might be.

The book is thoroughly interesting throughout, and most informative as well; probably the best chapter of the whole is the last, which treats of the character of the Mexican of to-day. Though written in gossipy, journalese style, the work is sufficiently packed with facts; at the same time, there are anecdotes in lighter vein, and descriptions of the Mexicans which prove that the author studied men and their surroundings with a more than journalistic eye. It is a book to read carefully, and, in view of present-day happenings, a volume from which to quote. He who quotes is certain to be contradicted, for never did a problem bristle with more angles than this of the settlement of Mexico; but diverse views are not so dangerous in England as in that country, and one may quote without fear of personal violence.

The Romance of the Bedford Estate

BY E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

THE Bedford Estate had its origin in ecclesiastical power. Here was the convent garden of the Abbot of Westminster, and here the monks sauntered, and the blackbirds and nightingales sang. The suppression of the monasteries disturbed the placid tenour of its existence, and under Edward VI it was bestowed on the Protector. At his attainder it reverted to the Crown, but was, soon after, granted together "with seven acres called Long Acre" to John, Earl of Bedford. One of the first acts of the new proprietor was the erection of a town house which Sorbière, in 1666, terms "*le Palais de Bethfordt*," although it hardly merited so high-sounding a title. The Russells occupied this dwelling till 1704, when they removed to their newly erected mansion in Bloomsbury.

The garden wall of Bedford House divided it from what is now Covent Garden Market, whose genesis seems to have been in a few vegetable stalls set up under the shelter of this wall about the year 1656. The square itself had been laid out earlier by Francis, Earl of Bedford, from the designs of Inigo Jones, who in 1638 also erected the church which he called "the handsomest barn in England." In 1795 this church was totally destroyed by fire, but was rebuilt practically on

the original lines, of which Mr. Reginald Blomfield once wrote that "no architect but Inigo Jones could have made such an audacious design." Covent Garden was, according to J. T. Smith, the first square inhabited by the great. In its original form its centre was a large gravelled space having a tall sun-dial in the midst. By 1671 the market had become so important that Charles II granted its rights to the second Earl of Bedford, and it gradually extended its bounds, when old Bedford House was pulled down, till in 1830, when the Market buildings were erected, it took on something of its present appearance. Fashion, to some extent, deserted it, but even in 1730 it could boast so notable a resident as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

In the dramatic literature of the day, innumerable references will be found to Covent Garden. Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve, and Steele all mention it, and clearly indicate that it was hardly a haunt *virginibus puerisque*; while Gay, in his "Trivia," has a passage which shows that football was wont to be played in its convenient area.

But Covent Garden is only a portion of the great property which has recently changed ownership. Bow Street, formed in 1637, where Waller and Dorset, Harley, and Wycherley once lived, and such notable histrions as Garrick, Macklin, Peg Woffington and Spranger Barry, and where Dr. Radcliffe resided in a house afterwards demolished to make room for Covent Garden Theatre, and Grinling Gibbons in one that fell down of its own accord, runs through it. Henry Fielding, too, was once a resident in this street, in a dwelling which later fell a prey to the Gordon Rioters. Wills's Coffee House and the Cock Tavern kept alive the thoroughfare's reputation for conviviality, and the old Bow Street Runners anticipated the civil guardianship now represented by Bow Street Police Court. Crowded with memories is Bedford Street, "very pleasant and spacious" as Hatton terms it in 1708, at which period it was largely affected by drapers and lace-sellers. Formerly only the lower half of the street was known by its present name, the upper portion being called Half-Moon Street, from its tavern with that sign. Hoskins, the miniaturist, and Benjamin West who here executed the first picture he painted in England, represent Bedford Street in art; Quin, and John Edwin, who died here and was buried by torchlight in St. Paul's hard by, link it with the stage; while Sheridan's father occupied a house opposite Henrietta Street, from whose windows Whyte once saw Johnson touching all the posts as he passed along. One must not forget that in Maiden Lane, which runs out of Bedford Street, Turner was born and Voltaire visited, and the Cider Cellars flourished and Munday's Coffee House, removed from Round Court.

King Street possesses the most interesting house remaining on the property. This is the headquarters of the National Sporting Club, formerly Evans's, familiar to readers of Thackeray. In earlier times Denzil Holles lived in it, and Sir Kenelm Digby here had the laboratory where he concocted, I imagine, his "Sympathetic

Powder." Later it became the residence of the Bishop of Durham. Rebuilt by that Earl of Orford, who distinguished himself at La Hogue, it continued his residence till his death in 1727, when it passed to a relative-by-marriage, Lord Archer. Subsequently James West, once a President of the Royal Society, abode here, and here assembled a remarkable collection of old books.

Other notabilities connected with King Street were Quin, the actor, who was born, and Nicholas Rowe the poet, who lived and died, here. George Frederick Cooke was another player who once had his domicile here; while on the site of what is to-day Messrs. Stevens' auction rooms was the house in which Speaker Lenthall lived.

In Henrietta Street abode Samuel Cooper, who there executed the portrait of Mrs. Pepys about which honest Samuel has so much to say; also Sir Robert Strange and M'Ardell, both famous engravers; and here Sheridan fought his duel with Mathews at the Castle Tavern. Speaking of taverns, we must by no means forget "The Pine Apple" in New Street, where Johnson was accustomed to dine "very well for eightpence." Another small thoroughfare, James Street so called—as was York Street, where "The Opium Eater" was written—after James, Duke of York, has also had its notable residents: George Herbert's brother, Sir Henry, and Sir James Thornhill, who tried, but failed, to make his Academy of Arts here a success. Garrick, too, once lived in the street, and thus connects it with the stage, as Grignion does with the engraver's art.

What can be said of Russell Street, with its famous inhabitants: John Evelyn and Robert Carr and Betterton; its taverns and coffee-houses; Wills's and Tom's on the north, and Button's on the south, side; its book-sellers, in the shop of one of whom, Tom Davies, Boswell first met Johnson, and in that of another, Lewis, Gibbon determined to become a Roman Catholic at the mature age of sixteen. But I think the street is chiefly memorable because it once sheltered Charles Lamb, who was here, as he expresses it, "in the individual spot I like best in all this great city."

With the ghosts of those who have lived and wandered about the precincts of the Bedford Estate, mingle those of London's great magician: Pip, of "Great Expectations," sleeping at the Hummums, or attending the meetings of "The Finches of the Grove," in company with Herbert Pocket, at the Tavistock Hotel; Clennam receiving Little Dorrit in his lodgings in Covent Garden; "The Dolls' Dressmaker" and old Riah finding the drunken "Mr. Dolls" in the same vegetarian locality. And there must be some who can remember their creator himself passing up Wellington Street, on his way to the offices of *All the Year Round*, with, perhaps, a wistful thought of the hop-fields around his Kentish home.

An exhibition of the work of Mr. H. La Thangue, R.A., takes place this month at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, and will consist of nearly fifty finished pictures, occupying two rooms of the galleries.

Shorter Reviews

Macaulay's History of England, from the Accession of James the Second. Edited by CHARLES HARDING FIRTH, M.A. In Six Volumes. Vol II. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE second volume of this fine series, just published, carries the history of our country from the year 1685 to 1688 in over a thousand pages. Detail in this example of his writings was a very strong point with the essayist. Chapter five, which opens this book, begins with the Whig refugees of "fiery temper and weak judgment," who sought an asylum in the Low Countries, and describes at some length the characters of some of these men, passing on to consider the Duke of Monmouth, his retirement in Brussels, and his indecision among the schemers. Chapter eight, concluding the book, ends with the religious riots in Fleet Street and the Strand, and the chaotic state of the popular feeling at that remarkable time. The portraits, the reproductions of old engravings, and the facsimiles of old letters, are extremely interesting; there is one letter, for instance, from Dryden to the Earl of Rochester, beginning: "My Lord,—I know not whether my Lord Sunderland has interceded with your Lordship for half a year of my salary," and pointing out that he wishes to retire into the country for purposes of health and study. Several fine coloured plates are included, and the general aspect of the volume puts it on almost as high a plane of production as the first.

Geography of British West Africa, with Special Reference to Nigeria; with a Sketch of the Rest of the World. By Rev. G. PATTERSON. (The Christian Literature Society. 1s. 9d. net.)

WORKS on geography abound: and how greatly they have improved, both in matter and method, since our hot youth! In its aims this little work, intended mainly for the schools and colleges of West Africa, competes with the best of them. Its chapters on the British West African Colonies, and particularly those on Nigeria (with very clear maps) contain much matter which has never before, it is claimed, been systematically compiled, and will be generally useful. The historical accounts of the several Colonies are excellent, clear, and condensed, containing as much as all but specialists want to know. Descriptions are liable to become superseded. For instance, the two Nigerias have been federated under a Governor-General since January 1. The Rest of the World is dealt with in 75 pages, including maps and illustrations. The information is well arranged and sound, but a glance at, say, the British Isles or India, shows that it does not pretend to be exhaustive. The Principles of Geography are simply elucidated and intelligibly stated. The numerous illustrations are as good as the maps.

The Week-End Gardener. By F. HADFIELD FARTHING, F.R.H.S. Illustrated. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

PEOPLE who love gardens and the display of summer beauty in flowers, wild or cultivated, may be ranked in two large divisions—those who are satisfied by the mere loveliness, who dream and contemplate and admire, and those who desire to assist in the creation of loveliness, to dig and sow and plant, to pot and prune and trim, to gaze on the general effect and feel that their own exertions have helped slow Mother Nature in her annual task. For these practical persons this work has been prepared, and, having read it thoroughly, we can say without reserve that it is one of the best gardening books we have seen. Its subtitle, "A Practical Guide to the Work of Every Week in the Year," shows its scope, and Mr. Farthing writes as an authority. His style is attractive, whether he treats of ferns or roses, digging or potting; his instructions are sound on all points. He has an almost affectionate consideration for the man who only commands a small plot of ground—a town "back-yard" or the space behind a tiny villa—but his detailed chapters will apply just as well to the fortunate owners of larger spaces. Full particulars are given on many matters, such as the construction of pergolas, the laying-out of paths, greenhouse work, and the care of the lawn, which are not strictly within the limits of the gardener's province, and the vegetable garden is not forgotten. The illustrations—diagrams and plates—are excellent. The book should certainly be in the hands of all amateur gardeners, for it is astonishingly good value at the very moderate price.

Idylls of a Dutch Village. By S. ULFERS. Translated by B. WILLIAMSON NAPIER. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

FROM Mr. Ulfer's book it would appear that the inhabitants of Eastloom, the Dutch village in question, are not very different from the inhabitants of any other village. They have their troubles, their pleasures, their small quarrels, and their love affairs; also—much to be regretted—an entire lack of humour. The distinction between the Reformed Church and the Dissenters, which seems to occupy so much of the time and so many of the thoughts of the members of the parish, is not made very clear to the reader. Wiegen, called the dreamer, is not a particularly interesting character. He talks the usual airy nonsense of the man who considers himself a kind of superman. After taking into consideration the difference in the people, the manners and the customs, one has but to compare the country life as described in "Idylls of a Dutch Village" with some of Hardy's fine passages in his Wessex novels to prove how far the former falls short of the real thing.

Sophocles in English Verse. By ARTHUR S. WAY, D.Lit. Part II. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

DR. WAY has achieved such high distinction as a translator of the Greek classics that it is sufficient to say of the present volume, in which are contained the *Aias* (known to us as schoolboys under the title "Ajax"), the *Electra*, the *Trachinian Maidens*, and the *Philoctetes*, that the translator maintains his own high standard of excellence. He has a happy knack of reproducing the terse and stilted frigidity which is too often lost in an English version. Judging from the extent to which *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides* employed such literary tricks as that of antithesis, their audiences must have loved the scoring of a "point." Of the plays included in this volume, the *Aias* and the *Philoctetes* are both essentially characteristic of the "humanising" tendencies nascent but not fully developed in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. *Agamemnon* was never a very popular hero, but in the *Iliad* he was at least kingly. In the *Aias* he has become a mean-souled stage villain.

The "Bacchae" of Euripides. A Translation by F. A. EVELYN. (Heath, Cranton and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

MR. EVELYN'S is a faithful and scholarly translation of that weird and mystical drama known as the "Bacchae." We would, however, suggest that in a subsequent edition the translator should add an introductory note as to the general scheme and purpose of the play, with a few words upon the religious doctrines of *Euripides*. We should also like to see a foot-note here and there to make plain passages which must inevitably present difficulties to any reader who has not the original text to hand. There are several extremely doubtful passages in the Greek, and it would be well to indicate what reading is followed. No estimate of *Euripides* as a thinker or as a dramatist can be complete without a thorough understanding of this late and exotic work.

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Fiction

The Strong Heart. By A. R. GORING-THOMAS. (John Lane. 6s.)

THE earlier chapters of this novel form a fine and finished study in contrasts. Mr. Goring-Thomas gives us a picture of two homes: the one in Portland Place, the other—somewhere in the suburbs. Their respective occupants are blissfully unaware of each other's existence, until the son and heir of Portland Place meets the daughter of Seaforth Grove in a public-house at Chelsea—Barbara Murray having become, through pressure of circumstances, a barmaid. George Gregory—that is the name of the young man from Portland Place—falls in love with Barbara and marries her. The marriage is a secret one, but, owing to the indiscretion of Barbara's really appalling mother, the fact leaks out. The inevitable happens. Portland Place is petrified with horror, Seaforth Grove is complacently defiant. It is the heroism of Barbara that finally wins its way through all obstacles. She is the "strong heart" of the title. The story is admirably told and with an abundance of humour. Mrs. Murray, in particular, is a triumph of portraiture. She is as individual as Mrs. Nickleby—and as convincing. It is good to make the acquaintance of a woman who can talk like this: "He had no neck, you know, and he went off after dinner, quite like Nemesis, with a lighted cigar and half a bottle of wine in his head." But our real affection is reserved for Barbara. The book will enhance Mr. Goring-Thomas's reputation as a novelist. One closes it with a sense of having spent some agreeable hours in the company of living people.

There Was a Door. By the Author of "Anne Carstairs." (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

HERE is a pleasant story, pleasantly told; a story with just enough sentiment to satisfy the lady reader—to whom it would appear to be primarily addressed—and with just enough humour to prevent the sentiment from degenerating into insipidity. The heroine, Angela Shenstone, will not command the admiration of those Suffragettes into whose hands the book may chance to fall. She is described by an interested observer as a "door-mat," and does much to justify the appellation. With little imagination, she has more than the average share of physical beauty. And she is fond of befriending things. It matters little what these things may be—cats or cripples; befriend them she does, and will. When, in the earlier chapters of the book, she escapes from the sordid environment of a very Victorian boarding-house, she entertains the hope of befriending an artist. But Neville Ferguson was no ordinary artist. He spelt Art with a capital "A." For Art he was prepared to live, or, if need be, to starve; for Art he would make any sacrifice. The sacrifice that he did make—very foolishly—was Angela. So the poor girl,

grown hard and cynical, accepts an offer of marriage from a good-natured but empty-headed baronet. Then news arrives from the errant artist. He has been injured in a motor-car accident, which has permanently robbed him of the use of his right hand, and is lying seriously ill at Etaples. From henceforward no more Art, with a capital "A" or otherwise. So to Etaples, on the eve of her marriage to the baronet, the befriending Angela betakes herself. And so everything ends happily—except for the baronet. On the whole, the best chapters in the book are the first two or three. The author has succeeded in depicting with an admirable fidelity the depressing atmosphere of a boarding-house. We have most of us known that boarding-house. Fortunate are those of us who have never known Neville Ferguson.

The Business of a Gentleman. By H. N. DICKINSON. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

WE shall hardly be doing Mr. Dickinson an injustice if we accuse him of having written a "novel with a purpose." Politics and political problems have always appealed to him with a peculiar fascination, but in his last novel, "Sir Guy and Lady Rannard," the artistic element predominated. Here, however, we find the "purpose" a little too wantonly obtrusive. It comes to this: Mr. Dickinson cannot stand Socialism, and he can resist no opportunity of girding at his particular *bête noire*. Socialism, in "The Business of a Gentleman," is personified by Miss Baker; an aggressive, soulless, selfish Socialism against which all the instincts of a normal, healthy man rise in strident revolt. We have all met this at some time or other, but one may question whether any human being—one may question even whether Mr. Dickinson himself—has ever met Miss Baker. She is quite too unbelievably bad, and the average reader, to whom party catchwords are a matter of very little moment, will be inclined to think that the author has damaged his case by the manner in which he has travestied that of his opponents. Opposed to Miss Baker—opposed by the whole diameter of being—is Sir Bobby Wilton, in whom we have obviously Mr. Dickinson's conception of the ideal Tory squire. He is an excellent landowner at Coulscombe, but it is when the strike comes to Denbury that he shows the stuff of which he is made. Of how he met the labour agitators, silenced slander and won the confidence of his men this book tells. There is no need to recapitulate the story. This much ought to be said, however: In Eddie Durwold Mr. Dickinson has given us a very likeable school-boy, and in Mrs. Hope a fine portrait of a foolish woman. For the rest, the book is plentifully bestrewn with wise apothegms, among the wisest being this: "It all boils down to the policeman; democracy and reform and Socialism and all, all down to the policeman. And don't you imagine they like it." A good novel, taking it all round; only, somehow, we prefer Mr. Dickinson in his less didactic moods.

Shorter Notices

WHEN such quotations as "East is West and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," are hurled at us until they grow wearisome, we appraise the subject-matter as that of the lurid picture-paper-cover type, price somewhere between fourpence and a shilling, rather than as that of library novel order. Bellingham, in "The Garden of Dreams," by H. Grahame Richards (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.), rather world weary, went to Tunis and fell in love with Alkif, daughter of Eddin, a Jew. Alif was also beloved of Reschid, an Arab poet—among translations of Arab songs we encounter the line, "Stars of a million nights doth wane," and trust that the translator failed to correct a mis-spelt proof. Out of the rivalry of Bellingham and Reschid is a little tragedy woven, and its concluding chapters are by far the best. The author's claim that woman will remain inferior to man until she attains physical superiority will prove a shock to suffragist readers. The author tells us the story. That is to say, he moves the puppets and they dance, sometimes dramatically, and once or twice even thrillingly, but to one who knows North Africa the tale will sound unreal.

Among a group of well-drawn characters in "Love the Harper," by Eleanor C. Hayden (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.), those of Ruth Verity and Will, brother to the hero of the story, are most clearly delineated. Ruth, as the wronged woman, has all the inconsistencies that make for charm, while Will, with his North Queensland ways and his habit of suppressing swear-words in the presence of ladies, is worth knowing. We doubt the author's first-hand knowledge of Australian mining camps, in spite of her descriptions; on the other hand, we find real breadth and power in her picture of the English West Country, while her chorus of farm-hands, well managed as it is, affords adequate relief in the tense situations of the story.

The plot is one of tangled loves. John, the hero, was innocently caught by Ruth's sister Phyllis, and, once engaged, deemed it his duty as a man of honour to marry her, although Ruth held his heart. Phyllis, who fell in love with Queensland Will, declined to cancel her engagement to John, and Will himself fell in love with a little schoolmistress, a rather shadowy figure, who refused his offer of marriage because she feared he loved his brother's betrothed. From this complication Miss Hayden weaves all the best of her story, and right good it is too. The action is swift, incident is plentiful, and there are a number of epigrammatic paragraphs, which go to prove that the author has looked beneath the surface of life, and found in quiet country-folk as much passion and complexity as are to be met with among more highly civilised people. Our only quarrel with the writer lies in her having made the story too short, and with that for a grumble we accord the book a hearty welcome.

Viewed from the standpoint of a twentieth-century

moralist, the old gods and goddesses who reclined on Olympus were a bad lot, and doubtless their lack of morality influenced their followers to some extent; still, in spite of the preface with which Mr. A. T. Ellis tries to explain away the inconsistencies of Tiberius, the Caprean "Minotaur," in "The Minotaur of Capri" (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley, 6s.), we find it hard to believe that one of such nobility of character should be so profligate. And, further, we decline to recognise the emperor in the man portrayed here; his treatment of Lydia, the seductive, licentious daughter of a Roman freeman, is incompatible with the character of a Roman Cæsar. In the preface, the author claims some virtue for Tiberius as his hero, but we fear that the attributes of that monarch are too well established by historical data for such a dubious whitewashing as this story affords to add lustre to his name. The book will be banned by the libraries, we prophesy. Not noisily, or in a manner to attract attention, but it will be kept under the shelf rather than on it, for here the vice of decadent Rome is pictured with little restraint, and with little glamour. Since neither Tiberius nor any other character of the work comes out in other than ignoble relief, we fail to see what use is served by the publication of such details—for that is a point which the author in his preface has failed to elucidate. There is, in the course of the story, some good descriptive work; but on the whole the flagrant immoralities of Imperial Rome were sufficient in fact, and so far as they are concerned we consider the embroideries of fiction unnecessary.

The story of the long-lost child is an old one, but then, the same might be said of almost all the good stories of the Caucasian world, and it is in the characterisation and telling that the charm lies, for the most part. In "Pomm's Daughter," by Claire de Pratz (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.), the child is a daughter, who is adopted by Pomm, and Pomm is a retired naval officer, dwelling in Paris, and owning a consuming thirst for books. At her mother's death, Pomm adopted the child and trained her to womanhood, undergoing some training himself in the process, for Maryvonne, the girl in question, was of the type that delights in ruling. Later, comes a young sculptor who makes a statue of Maryvonne with which he takes Paris by storm, after the manner of young heroes in fiction—and the rest is easy to guess. In the atmosphere of simplicity in which these people live and move, there is almost the charm of a fairy tale. We know that none of these things could have happened, for in the wicked world of to-day people are not so simple minded and single of impulse as these good folk who conspire to make Maryvonne happy; but it is a delightful story all the same. Old Pomm is a most engaging character, and Maryvonne herself, though not so clearly drawn, is a charming figure; while the young sculptor who, of course, wins her love, is all that a young man should be. One has only to get over the air of unreality with which the author has invested her characters to enjoy a thoroughly entertaining story.

Miss Katharine Tynan has evidently a favourite in her creations as has John Bulteel in his daughters, for in "John Bulteel's Daughters" (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.) it is Hannah who receives the most attention and about whom the greater part of the story is written. Johnny, as his daughters irreverently call him, is a dear old man, kind-hearted, quick-tempered and bluff. Many readers would probably have been quite content for the book to have consisted only of the doings of this cheerful person, his nice girls and their swains, without the mystery suggested in the earlier pages and rather poorly developed towards the end. There was possibility for the further unfolding of the characteristics of each of the four daughters, but this has been passed by for a lot of talk about a missing leaf in the register at the church where Johnny and his wife were married. It is difficult for the reader to follow all this without impatience, for he feels all the time that a simple inquiry at Somerset House would have settled matters without any further trouble. Next time, we hope that Miss Tynan will develop her plot on probable lines.

Messrs. Greening and Co. have added to their Lotus Library that Napoleonic romance, "Madame Sans-Gêne" (1s. 6d. net), founded on the well-known drama of Sardou and Moreau by M. Edmond Lepelletier. It is an exciting story of an exciting time, well told and well translated. But, for all that, though this will not detract from its merits, it is not the real thing. For the genuine *Sans-Gêne*, whose authentic history has been recorded, was no washerwoman, future Duchess of Dantzic, but a young girl, Thérèse Figueur, who in male attire enlisted as a man and fought in many of the campaigns of the Revolution and the Empire. She was for several months a prisoner of war in Hampshire, and thoroughly enjoyed our mutton and our English beer, of which she spoke in the highest terms. Her true story is quite as thrilling as the fiction invented by M. Sardou; perhaps some day it will be given in an English garb. Mr. T. Fisher Unwin is issuing a new edition of his popular Pseudonym Library at 1s. net. This reissue starts with that most successful story, "Mademoiselle Ixe," by Lanoe Falconer, which since its first appearance in 1890 has gone through no fewer than fourteen editions.

An Acute Imperial Problem

IT is to be deplored that the preoccupation of the nation in home affairs should come at a time when Imperial problems are developing a state of acute crisis. To whichever party we may subscribe we can at least unite in the hope that before long political stability will be restored in England, so that attention may be directed to the gathering storm of discontent discernible in all parts of the Empire. In a recent issue of THE ACADEMY we dealt at some length with Mr. Churchill's remarkable pronouncement concerning Imperial defence, and pointed out that his precepts have

been completely rejected by the Overseas Dominions. No other journal saw fit to devote any space to comment upon a situation which is clearly one of supreme and urgent importance. Because, however, of the circumstance that the issues raised have attracted little notice in this country, it must not be imagined that their consideration by the proper authorities can be indefinitely deferred. When no less a cause than that of Imperial unity is at stake, we ought not to permit the obsession of domestic differences to take complete hold of Imperial Government. Certainly our Overseas Dominions whose safety is involved cannot be expected to share this obsession. The needs of the Empire, therefore, call for an early settlement of the Ulster question.

Already we have presented the case of the Colonies for the summoning of a Conference, at the same time setting forth the motives which, in spite of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, led them to demand adequate naval protection in the Pacific. No sooner had we published this statement than there occurred a development so striking and significant as to render the situation described all the more comprehensible. British Columbia has come to the decision that her future security is dependent upon Asiatic exclusion, and as a consequence of her representations the Dominion Government is disposed to settle, once and for all, the Oriental problem. Exactly what this last step means, it is difficult for us in England fully to appreciate. Yet the problem alluded to is one that intimately concerns Imperial and foreign relations. Indeed, without doubt it is pregnant with the gravest issues which have ever confronted the Empire. The difficulties that have arisen in Canada are visible also in varying degrees in South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. But as far as Canada is concerned they are more complex and deep-seated than elsewhere by reason of the fact that the Pacific province of British Columbia is situated, as it were, at the cross-roads of East and West.

To ascribe, as many superficial people in this country are apt to do, the attitude of our Colonies to racial prejudice is to betray lamentable ignorance. The movement is not one, as is often alleged, restricted to mobs of uninstructed labourers. The foremost statesmen of the Empire are at one in the belief that Asiatic immigration constitutes an unquestionable menace to Imperial welfare. It is of special interest to recall that the policy of Mr. Borden, now Prime Minister of Canada, was forecasted some nine years ago, when he was out of office. "While we must remember," he said, "matters of trade and commerce and our Treaty rights with Japan, the Ally of Great Britain, let us also remember that there are greater and higher considerations than those of trade and material progress. The Conservative Party which brought British Columbia into the Confederation will make its aim that this province shall remain British and that Canada shall be inhabited by men in whose veins flow the blood of the great pioneering race which built up and developed not only Eastern but Western Canada."

So serious has the situation become in British Columbia that pending some attempt to arrive at a permanent

solution all labourers and artisans are excluded from the Province. For the moment, then, Asiatics cannot complain on the score of discrimination. As we have already remarked, the region, located as it is on the Pacific shores, is peculiarly exposed to the overflow of labour from all parts of Asia. The artificial barriers set up stem the tide to some extent, but none has so far been devised as to act as an altogether effective check. Chinese are subjected to a heavy poll tax and legislative restrictions, which also operate in the case of the Indians. That the latter are British subjects creates a complication which is clearly a menace to the cause of Imperial harmony. For in spite of all the legal subtleties with which the Indians are opposed as justifying their exclusion, the plain fact is that they fail to see why allegiance to the British Crown should be expected of them when residence within any part of the British Dominions is denied them.

The Japanese on their part wisely recognised the political inconvenience of the agitation conducted against them some years ago, and while refusing to commit themselves in a formal agreement, offered of their own accord to restrict emigration to British Columbia. Notwithstanding all the safeguards, and there were many, set up with a view to keeping out large numbers of Asiatics, there have been frequent attempts at evasion, and on more than one occasion the operation of the law was challenged in the Courts. Let it be said that the position of the Indians is logically defensible, and is all part of their well-thought-out plan of racial assertion. The Japanese, in spite of their tactful and voluntary compromise are indignant as a nation, and merely bide their time until they will be strong enough to demand the right of free access to the territories of the Pacific. Here we have a clue to their policy of building up a big navy, and likewise we are enabled to understand the apprehensions of the Colonies as to their own safety.

Japan, in short, is pursuing aims in the Pacific similar to those which Germany avows in Europe. It is her deliberate purpose to expand her naval and military capacity so that one day she shall make her voice heard to effect in the councils of the world's diplomacy. Nor must it be imagined that she excludes from her ultimate reckoning the possibility that she will be able to bring pressure to bear upon a nation that is now her Ally.

Hence the grounds for the alarm of Canada, Australia and New Zealand. Mr. Borden is now credited with the intention of finding a permanent solution of the question as far as British Columbia is concerned. Obviously the question is one that should only be decided after Imperial conference. It affects to a vital extent our relations with Japan, and therefore enters into all considerations that make for the Higher Defence of the Empire. Moreover, it is imperative that the Over-Seas Dominions whose interests are common should pursue a common policy; and we are inclined to go further and say we would like to see this policy completely in accord with that of America, who, in California, is faced with exactly the same conditions arising from Asiatic inroads.

L. L.

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

NO. I.—TO MR. HALL CAINE

SIR,—It is with some hesitation that I venture to address to you the first of several letters which it is my purpose to write to well-known novelists of the moment. This hesitation does not arise from any consuming doubt on my part as to the view you will take of the entire propriety of my selection. It arises solely from a sort of suspicion that my initial remarks should go to Stratford-on-Avon. "Ladies first!" it may be held, should be the guiding principle even in matters of literary rivalry. But I cannot resist the temptation to violate the rule of decent society in this instance, because I sympathise so strongly with you in what I cannot but feel is a great wrong imposed upon your self-esteem by Miss Marie Corelli. Has she not with a quite distressing but wholly characteristic assurance appropriated to herself a locality that by every right of literary succession belongs to you?

Your home should, of course, be in the town which Shakespeare has immortalised. If Miss Marie Corelli had then chosen the Isle of Man for her habitat, there would have been a dual fitness about your respective haunts which might have appealed to the instincts of a coincidence-loving world. Miss Marie Corelli as the Queen of Man, and Mr. Hall Caine parading the highways and by-ways of Stratford-on-Avon, like the visible embodiment of the great bard, would indeed have been a stroke of poetic justice, the mere idea of which will, I am sure, stir your imagination as it stirs mine. Here you are, blessed by nature with a physiognomy that every observant man recognises as the most exasperating replica of the accepted portraits of Shakespeare—no one that I ever met has suggested that there is anything of Bacon about you—and you are an exile on an island in St. George's Channel, whilst the one rival you have on earth is in possession of the locality sacred to the memory of the only man who ever wrote words which carry weight at least equal to your own.

It is a perverse fate. To attempt to institute any sort of comparison, or even to seek to point out the essential contrast between the work of an Elizabethan playwright and a modern novelist, would hardly be fair—to the Elizabethan. Shakespeare had a three hundred years' start of you, but the conditions, even so, have not been altogether in his favour. He has had to trust for full recognition to the world's intellect and sense of beauty. You, on the contrary, have been able to exploit very different social and mental strata. In three centuries has Shakespeare enjoyed a sale equal to that which you have commanded in three decades? If it may be said with absolute confidence that you could never in your most inspired moments write a "Hamlet" or a "Julius Cæsar"—your intimacy with all that appertains to the Eternal City notwithstanding—neither could Shakespeare in his least inspired moments have accomplished anything calculated to rank with "The Christian" or "The Woman Thou Gavest Me."

Your place in the literary hierarchy has, perhaps, not yet been finally determined. It may be that you will have no place at all. Who can say? The tastes of posterity are strange and unaccountable, and the creator of John Storm may be allowed to pass into absolute oblivion before the twentieth century has run its chequered course. Visions of pilgrimages to the shrine of Greeba Castle by the faithful of the year 2000 or later may prove to be the merest phantasmagoria of vanity. But that will only affect you if you should be able to follow things mundane from your niche in the National Valhalla. Meantime you may surely be content to know that your claim to the largest circulation and the biggest cheque on account of the royalties which genius in these days never fails to secure, is unchallenged and unchallengeable. Further, you have the proud consciousness that you have stirred more emotions among the half-educated and whetted more critical faculties than any man now living.

It is, I agree, very irritating to be criticised for one's false philosophy, or defective scholarship, or pseudo-science, or utter incapacity to grasp Norse Saga or New Testament—all this, I say, is irritating when you know perfectly well that your critic could no more give the public, to whose scorn he holds you up, "The Manxman" or "The Christian" than he could control an aeroplane. Such an argument is simply irrefutable, and you can always console yourself with the reflection that you are not the first great literary light whose worth has been questioned by crass-brained and cross-grained contemporaries. Critics have before now, it is credibly reported, broken the hearts of poets; they failed to take a just view of a Swinburne as they failed to appraise Keats at his proper value.

You, I am glad to know, have not been broken in spirit by harsh verdicts on the product of your fertile mind, your wide study of mankind, and deep speculations on the mystery, magnificence, and meaning of things. It is sheer misfortune that I have never been in touch with the representative of the odd million of my fellow-creatures who make up your public. How is it that every novel-reader I know endorses the verdict of the critics, and yet you are eagerly sought after, on both sides of the Atlantic, by that most astute of all business men, the publisher, who approaches you prepared to disarm your modesty with a cheque running into five figures? Really, one's limitations are inscrutable. Among them I am afraid I must place my own haunting belief that there is something in what the critics say. Yours is not the public to which a Meredith, a Henry James, a Thomas Hardy, can look for support, but that is a thought which may involve comparisons that I am anxious to avoid. I have again and again made earnest effort to discover the true merits of your work, and am quite willing to admit that, if I have so far not succeeded, the fault may be my own. Possibly Sam Weller's "double-million magnifying gas microscope of hextra power" might assist me. I feel that nothing else would.

I am, Sir, Yours Obediently,

CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

Foreign Reviews

REVUE BLEUE.

FEB. 21.—An instalment of M. Barrès' eloquent plea for the churches—"la Grande Pitié des Eglises de France"—is given. Here is a phrase—"qu'ils" (every-one that counts) "fassent leur examen de conscience, et qu'ils disent s'ils veulent rester seuls au village en face du Café du Commerce." M. Roz appreciates the performance of "Marlowe's "Faustus" at the Théâtre des Arts.

Feb. 28.—The unsigned articles on the Serbo-Bulgarian war bring us up to the outbreak of hostilities: a map is given. The preface of the forthcoming "Vie des Vérités," by M. G. le Bon, is given. M. Lair, always interesting, examines the constitutional problem in Germany.

March 7.—Unpublished letters of Montesquieu are a feature of this number. M. Flat's "Figure de ce Temps" is M. Jules Lemaître. Mme. Poradowska begins the story of the unfortunate Pauline Panam, deceived by the Grand Duke Ernest of Coburg. M. P. Gaultier deals with M. Th. Ribot's philosophy—"Un Philosophe du Repos." M. Roz reviews with enthusiasm Mr. George Moore's "Clara Florise," played at the Comédie Royale.

LA VIE DES LETTRES.

January.—A poem by Mistral and some *obiter dicta* of Jules Lemaître open this number. The editor, M. Beauduin, gives us one of his long "paroxystic" poems, in praise of Paris; "paroxysm" has this to distinguish it from futurism: that its prophet may say unchecked such things as these—

J'aime au Paris nouveau le Paris d'autrefois,
Notre-Dame si fière encor parmi ses rides,
Et j'aime la Colonne et le Louvre des rois
Et le dôme des Invalides.

He may also say, it appears—

Tu es la synthèse épique
Du vivant univers jailli
Des conquêtes scientifiques.

There are many other poets—paroxyst and others—a translation of the "Pied Piper," a translation from the Armenian of Avetis Aharonian, a good article on American minor poetry, another on Verhaeren, by M. Speth, and a defence of Euthanasia.

REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE.

Jan. 31.—Many editions of works on the Early Fathers are noticed.

Feb. 7.—The second part of Dr. Gildersleeve's "Syntax of Classical Greek," and M. Paulhan's "Hain-Teny Merinas," noticed in THE ACADEMY, are among the books reviewed.

Feb. 14.—M. M. Bourgeois' work on J. M. Synge is noticed.

Feb. 21.—M. Meillet criticises Herr Brugmann's "Grundriss der vergleichenden Grammatik."

Feb. 28.—We note reviews of M. F. Baldensperger's "La Littérature" and of Treitschke's Letters.

March 7.—M. de Labriolle thinks M. Babut goes too far in his demolition of St. Martin of Tours. M. Masqueray's important "Bibliographie de la Littérature Grecque" and Mrs. Wright's "Rustic Speech and Folk-Lore" are noticed with approval.

VARIA.

The February number of "Le Carillon" contains specimens of all the latest fashions in poetry. The list of its contributors is almost identical with that of the poets of "La Vie des Lettres." It is late to speak of the Christmas number of the "Revista Grafica," which, in spite of its title and the language of its text, appears to be published in Paris; the illustrations in colour are of a very high class, and recall "Je sais tout." We have received a little bundle of speeches and manifestos by Dr. J. A. Riviera, president of the "Association Médicale Internationale contre la Guerre"; his idea, that the Hague Court needs a more democratic body, representing various interests, to support it, seems to contain a large portion of truth.

In the Learned World

THE lecture season at the Royal Institution is now half-way through, and many distinguished men have lately taken a hand in the popularisation of science on the lines pursued with such success by Tyndall and others. Among the newcomers in this connection one of the most successful was Mr. Frewen Jenkin, well known in the railway world and now Professor of Engineering at Oxford. His short course of lectures on "Heat and Cold" was well attended throughout, and owed a great part of its success to the lecturer's excellent delivery and striking experiments. A feature in these last were the ingenious models which he exhibited, thereby bringing clearly before his audience the principles as well as the practical working of apparatus such as the Diesel engine and the means of producing intense heat by applying an explosive mixture of gas and air to a relatively large surface, on which subject Professor Bone has also lectured recently. Similar use of mechanical models was made by Professor Fleming in his Friday evening discourse on "Long Distance Telephony," when he showed a most clever and instructive analogy between stationary electric waves in wires and a vibrating string. The greater part of his lecture was devoted to the improvement of telephony through wires produced by "loading" the cable with small transverse coils at regular distances. Although he gave himself very little time to speak of telephony without wires, he left us in little doubt that he thought this would be the favourite means of communication in future, and the account of wireless telephone circuits—in America, it is true—

extending over nearly 3,000 miles gave hope to those subscribers to the Government system who are in despair as to the prospect of an improved service. In this case, also, the lecturer's success was much helped by his clear delivery and well-rehearsed illustrations.

An entirely new use for radium has been found by M. Szilard, who, in a communication to the Académie des Sciences, suggests its employment in the construction of lightning conductors. At present, it is often urged that lightning conductors on a building do more harm than good; because, while they no doubt conduct harmlessly away electric discharges of moderate amount, they are likely in a really severe electric storm to attract a greater amount of electricity than they are able to carry away. M. Szilard proposes to get over this by actually dissipating the amount of electricity coming from the clouds, and this he claims to be able to do by rendering the space between the stratum of charged air and the lightning-rod conducting. One of the best-known properties of radium is that it turns the atmosphere, generally a very fair insulator, into a conductor of electricity, and M. Szilard thinks that by applying what is practically a varnish of radium paint to a kind of crown at the top of the lightning-rod he can render the air for a very considerable distance round it conducting, and thus make the discharge harmless. At present the invention does not seem to have got beyond the experimental stage; but he claims that an electroscope attached to a rod made on his principle will show evidence of discharge when a small electric machine with 5 cm. spark is worked at a distance of 5 metres from it. It is probable that only careful experimenting on isolated buildings at a considerable height above sea-level can decide the point of utility, but there is no doubt as to the soundness of the idea.

Another improvement in scientific apparatus is announced by Professor Reichert of Vienna. The powers of the human eye, even when assisted by lenses, are so limited that it is very doubtful whether the limit of magnification by the ordinary microscopic tube has not been already reached. Herren Siedentopf and Szigmondy showed, however, some years ago, that our powers of perceiving, although, perhaps, hardly defining, extremely minute objects could be increased by their "ultra-microscope." This apparatus, which is now used for ascertaining, among other things, the movement of very small particles in solutions, depends upon the principle that objects too small to be seen in diffuse light yet become visible if a beam of light falls upon them horizontally, as in the familiar case of the motes seen dancing in a sunbeam coming through a hole in a shutter. Professor Reichert extends this idea by making the object to be examined itself fluorescent by means of ultra-violet rays admitted through the filters devised by Professor R. W. Wood (of Baltimore) and concentrated by means of a quartz lens. This method, according to him, has the double advantage of making visible particles otherwise too small to be seen, and at the same time giving us an idea

of their nature, as the fluorescence produced by ultraviolet rays varies with the substances excited by them to emit it.

Some light has been cast upon the horrible infantile disease known as rickets by experiments on rabbits made by MM. Henri Claude and J. Rouillard, which are described in the recent *Comptes-Rendus* of the Société de Biologie. They find that parents from whom the thyroid gland has been removed, either wholly or in part, always produce young exhibiting symptoms corresponding to rickets in the human organism. Hence they suggest that rickets is caused by an insufficiency of the secretion of the thyroid gland; but they admit that this hypothesis demands working out in its details before it can be made the basis of treatment. What is apparent is that such experiments are likely to have a more beneficial effect on the future of the race than most of the stuff now talked about eugenics.

F. L.

Some New French Books

M. PAUL FLAT, the able director of the *Revue Bleue*, has published many novels which all treat of sentimental conflicts; he has also given us several volumes of critical studies, in which he discusses matters of moral, psychological, or literary interest with much ease and brilliance. "Figures et Questions de ce Temps," his latest work, has recently appeared at Sansot's (3f. 50), and is dedicated to President Poincaré, who used to be one of the most eminent contributors to the *Revue Bleue*.

A glance at the index shows that M. Flat has analysed the most diverse questions. He first speaks of Plagiarism and Literary Dignity, estimating plagiarism as an undeniable proof of spiritual indigence and a result of what Ste. Beuve used to term scathingly "Industrial Literature." Nowadays people write just as they would sell fried potatoes or exercise any other lucrative trade. M. Flat deems, with much severity, that the English and Americans are greatly responsible for this perversion by remunerating so magnificently "so-called literary productions which have nothing in common with literature." This shows that M. Flat, like so many of his compatriots, entertains gentle illusions on the liberality of Anglo-Americans!

His judgment of Tennyson, whom he compares unfavourably with "our Musset," seems rather arbitrary and too definitive. Perhaps he read the works of the English poet in a very poor translation. The whole attitude proves but one thing—that in France all literary work, even the best, is far too poorly paid. But of course it is natural that M. Flat, as a French editor, should not admit this view of the case.

One of his essays is devoted to Renée Vivien, that delicate beautiful poetess who died a short while ago in the full bloom of her talent. To her we owe some of the purest and most harmonious verses written in French and inspired by the ancient Greeks. We are grateful to M.

Flat for having evoked remembrances of her and of her sensitive soul. In this book are other interesting essays written with consummate mastery—the Rights of Criticism, the Protection of Works of Art, the Younger Generation; it contains also a remarkable series of portraits, among which those of Musset, Liszt, and Wagner are perhaps the best. And all these studies are written soberly, with a sense of the value of words, which proves that M. Flat has not forgotten that he used to be a very esteemed Art Critic.

The latest detective story is the exciting "Empire du Diamant," edited by Pierre Laffite, who seems to have "trusted" the best sensational French writers. The author, Vaientin Mandelstamm, reveals in his work that he is cultivated, cosmopolitan, gifted with a fine imagination and a faculty of reasoning out the most difficult problem. It is amusing to note with what skill he has knotted the intrigue of his plot, and the patience and clearness with which he solves the mystery. The story tells of the extraordinary disappearance of Jérôme Versigny, a famous Parisian banker. And M. Vaientin Mandelstamm has not feared to introduce once more the sympathetic amateur detective, Octave Bernac, a worthy descendant of Sherlock Holmes; also the necessary sentimental and mysterious elements. But he has done so very ably, and when one has begun one reads straight through; this is the best compliment to a work of its kind.

It is very well written, from the purely literary point of view, and this is hardly surprising, for M. Vaientin Mandelstamm is a poet and the author of many interesting novels.

Vaneau is a little timid and retiring villager, the son of poor people; he is clever, but he is not happy. His life at college, whither his father has sent him at a great personal sacrifice, is spoiled by his consciousness of being poor, and perhaps also by his intellectual superiority. His stay in the army is no happier; he is perpetually dissatisfied, and, though he tries to become a clerk, is discontented, vaguely considering the work unworthy of him. For Vaneau has read many authors, *à tort et à travers*; he has written some poor verses, and dreams of conquering Paris by the literary genius he believes to be smouldering in his bosom. And so he comes to Paris, where he experiences all the trials which await foolhardy young men. He has a painful love affair, and then marries his cousin and drags out a discontented and hard life, always striving to "arrive." After many years of struggles, of sorrow, he discovers before his father's coffin that the secret of happiness is resignation to one's lot. This revelation is to be his only achievement; henceforth he will stifle his glorious aspirations and handle his pen as a good clerk does. Such is the plot of "L'Héritage," by M. Henry Bachelin (Grasse. 3f. 50). It is a sad story, and would prove interesting were it not written with a systematic conciseness which is insupportably monotonous. M. Bachelin seems to have wished to write a second "Jean Christophe," apparently thinking that he may attain to

the same result by simply noting a list of undeniable truths, and thus contributing to the realism of his work. But in this he is quite wrong. His error has been to try and keep his style down to the level of discontent, melancholy and failure from which his hero never rises. Between the repeated fiascos of Vaneau and the cold, methodical monotony of the style, unrelieved by any real sensibility or emotion, one feels at the close of the work strangely oppressed and unsatisfied. This is to be regretted, for it really contains some qualities such as keenness of analysis, and care of composition, which are quite remarkable.

Bronzes, Pastels & Drawings by Mr. Charles Sykes

MANY who enjoy the quiet rooms devoted to sculpture at the Royal Academy will have noted during the last few years some fine bronzes from the studio of Mr. Charles Sykes. One especially recalls a beautiful "Bacchante" of a few years ago. Those of us who have admired these figures and groups could not be aware of the many-sidedness of the artist's gifts. But the present collection of some sixty works at Woolrich's, 44, South Molton Street, Mayfair, shows that Mr. Sykes, like most artists who have gained fame in the past, is capable of using his gifts in the many chambers of the richly furnished house of art.

No doubt his bronze statuettes are among his most successful adventures. There are immense strength and beauty in his finely composed group, "A Pagan Idyl," and a bold intensity and originality in his aptly named figure, "The Immortal Glance," an engaging boy, an Eros, without the ordinary weapons of his calling, but with an air and manner far more convincing than could be gained by the aid of any of the conventional paraphernalia of the everlasting friend—or is it enemy?—of man.

From bronze to pastel is a long journey, but the artist appears to make it with grace and ease. Some of his effects of colour in this last medium are as delightful as they are surprising. "Solemnity of Nooroze," "The Spangled Scarf," and "Tortola Valencia, Danseuse," for example, show an exquisite mastery of a medium which requires an absolute and especial sympathy on the part of the artist before its utmost effects can be obtained.

There are dozens of other pictures, water-colours, drawings in black and white, sketches at home, as "Near the Oratory," or abroad, as "Delfshaven, Holland," which show infinite power and delicacy of treatment, but owing to our view being just before THE ACADEMY goes to press, we are unable to do more than suggest that all lovers of the new, the true, the wonderful in art, should visit Mr. Sykes' exhibition in South Molton Street. They may be sure of not being bored, for there is something or many things in this collection which will please all those who take pleasure in the livelier side of latter-day art.

The Play. Some Intellectuals and the Common Man

ONCE upon a time a man at the club whom we had beaten very easily at a certain game played on a billiard table said, soon after, to us: "So you are one of those people who write disagreeable things about works of art which you can neither produce nor understand—a critic." We gladly owned it was so, except that we wrote agreeably about the things we did understand and could even produce, if sadly put to it. But our friend reminded us once more of the curious and harsh illusion which still survives, rooted somewhere in the eighteenth century, about a group of extremely interesting, competent and sympathetic persons who, leaving all the more flourishing concerns of life, devote themselves to the efforts of pointing out to the public, for very trifling emolument, the things that are artistically most excellent.

The critic of stage productions is generally supposed to be especially disliked, but all newspapers find that his copy is, after the advertisements, one of their most valuable assets. Thus is the often bitter criticism of the critic made bearable to his shorn and blackened conscience. Every lover loves a lover; all actors love the stage; all men and women are actors. And thus it comes to pass that even the writer on the drama is sometimes fulfilled with inward glory. This is an esoteric matter, generally, but it is made clear for all the world to see in Mr. W. L. George's collected essays. Since the far-off days when Mr. Walkley wrote for the *Star*, and many weekly papers, and published, in volume form, such pleasant articles as "The Dramatic Critic as Pariah" and "He Bashkirtseffs," there have been no books on the theatre quite so inspiring and brilliant as that of Mr. George.

Of course we rarely agree with him; that is of no importance. Often we want to tread on the toes of the feet of our Gamaliel. But we are engrossed by his considerations and deductions. It is true that Mr. George is prepared to take the playgoer's little hand in his and explain to the poor fellow—whether he be intellectual, the common man, a person of ideas or a dullard—just the sort of thing he wants, why he wishes for it, and when and how.

It is a great pleasure to the reader to see the author do all this with boldness and sincerity, and not too overwhelming a sense of humour. This last would make matters very difficult for Mr. George; he puts such a mood or method from him with sternness, and is content to be wise with a somewhat antique wisdom. Having defined the play which is intellectual, the play of ideas, the play which is welcome to the common man and so forth, he feels at liberty to state many a broad generalisation, many a biting dictum. Although usually in complete sympathy with his acute deductions and clear observation of the most important plays produced

* *Dramatic Actualities*. By W. L. GEORGE. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. net.)

during the last ten years, no reader, however interested, will probably agree with all his criteria of just what a play should be.

For example, he speaks of the seven cardinal sins of this craft as "the aside, the soliloquy, impersonation, eavesdropping, confidences, the losing of papers, and the wrongful assumption of guilt." Yet life as it is lived, and therefore suitable for the use of the most intellectual of dramatists, is often complicated by some of these cardinal sins. Eavesdropping, confidences, and especially the losing of papers are almost commonplace in the lives of most of us, and although we do not welcome such circumstances in the dramas of clever playwrights, they appear but trifling faults when all else is well.

There is a rather cryptic Arabic proverb which says, "A favour is as much as four slaps." We were unable to see the application of this Sudanese saying until we found Mr. George desiring to praise and help the work of our more advanced playwrights such as Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. Masefield, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Fernald, and many others whom he favours with his by no means timid criticism. "I must chastise my friends if I love them," he says, and thus he points out, and, no doubt, will prove to many, that the intellectual dramatist of to-day has no ideas, and that the playwright of ideas cannot write drama. The intellectuals according to Mr. George, possess an inclination towards the gloomy and the cruel which makes for artificiality while the playwrights of ideas incline to the shadowy plot, the lack of climax, hypertrophy of the atmosphere, occasional sentiment, garrulousness, exaggeration at type, obscurity, length and shapeless purpose.

These, and many well expressed and hard sayings will be found throughout the text of Mr. George's engaging essays, but what really matters is that he sees the faults even in the best work now put before us on the stage, and that he uses very endeavour to push forward the movement towards a more and more brilliant effect. We doubt if playwrights are greatly helped by criticism, however profound or enlightened, but we know that audiences can be influenced after this fashion. Therefore we welcome Mr. George's "Dramatic Actualities," and trust that the book may find a public as broad-minded and clever as is the author himself.

EGAN MEW.

The 35th Royal Naval and Military Tournament, which opens at Olympia on May 14, will be run under revised rules with regard to the competitions. The jumping will be conducted under new and interesting circumstances. The Committee, acting with the authority of the War Office, has decided to issue a certificate for those wishing to enter the International matches at the Horse Show in June. The certificate will be for horse as well as rider, and will ensure the very best class of jumping at the Tournament, where in recent years the standard has been increasing with great strides.

The Theatre

"The Bucket Shop" at the Aldwych Theatre

PRODUCED BY THE INCORPORATED
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DOES the truthful, interesting and complete unveiling of a fairly modern form of almost legal swindling constitute a successful stage play? In most circumstances we are far from thinking that is the case; but if you believe a good play can be made in this way "The Bucket Shop," by Mr. Frank Harris, should claim your utmost admiration. For his disclosure of the methods of a powerful and well-endowed business man who has set out to put money in his purse—cost what it may to those about him—is, in itself, a just piece of work made perfect by the admirable acting of Mr. Norman McKeown, whose name, by the way, is uncommonly like that of another gentleman who could have made John Gretton equally effective.

Just as Shylock makes "The Merchant of Venice" a play for us, so John Gretton transmutes the rubbish of "The Bucket Shop" into pure gold of human interest. The things that we do not delight in in this work are those which are rather irrelevant to the unscrupulous hero's way of becoming wealthy.

Persons who have fluttered near the glowing and hopeful lights of some "Imperial Investment Corporation, Ltd.," know all about the humbug and fraud of the thing and something of their own stupidity; to such as these to see the affair admirably set forth upon the stage is an amusement with a bitter-sweet flavour. To those who have never entered some sort of Gretton's place of business, near Pall Mall, the detail is evidently full of excitement and interest. Thus and thus Mr. Harris has built truly; his Gretton and his lying trade and his staff are the real thing. Even his son, Mr. Edmund S. Phelps, far removed from the stage tradition of a swindler's heir, is convincing; the troops of speculators who in turn worship and abuse the head of the company are well drawn, and, as in the case of the woman of fashion Lady Britton, Miss Francis Wetherall, are often brilliantly satiric pictures of people we all know.

But, alas! for the good people. Gretton's daughter Irene, Miss June van Buskirk, is a very chatty reformer who becomes very boring about love and votes for women. While Lord Frederick Athol, Mr. Athol Steward, her lover, is wicked he is good; but when, under her unbelievable influence, he becomes good he is simple wicked. We don't know if Kate Trevor, a rather strangely interpolated character who wants to go on at one of Gretton's theatres and to whom he makes love rather awkwardly, is good or bad. But Miss Vera Cunningham makes her very real and gay and stupid and bewildered. It is one of many difficult parts in the cast of seventeen which is finely played;

for the Stage Society has given the author the advantage of its most accomplished actors. Miss Gillian Scaiffe as the devoted secretary of the hero is especially strong and sincere. We hope that certain redundances may be taken from this four-act comedy, and that Mr. Harris, and the powers that be, may give us the advantage of seeing "The Bucket Shop" again.

EGAN MEW.

Notes and News

For the convenience of the Press, the first performance of the new Shaw play at His Majesty's Theatre will take place at 8 o'clock to-day, April 11. All succeeding performances will take place at 8.30, matinées being given at 2.30.

Dr. Simon, the French psychologist, will lecture to the Eugenics Education Society, on "Le Mesure de l'Intelligence," on April 28, at 8.30 p.m., at Burlington House, by kind permission of the Royal Society. As accommodation is limited, tickets will only be sent to those members who apply for them before April 15.

Lt.-Col. Newnham Davis, whose "The Gourmet's Guide to Europe" is very popular, has prepared a companion volume, "The Gourmet's Guide to London," to be published immediately by Mr. Grant Richards. The new book does for London what its predecessor did for the chief cities of Europe, giving information as to the nature of the cuisine to be found in the distinctive hotels, restaurants and eating-houses of the metropolis.

Mr. Werner Laurie is just publishing "Life in an Indian Outpost," by Major Casserly, a thrilling account of the life of an Indian officer in command of a native garrison in a small post on the face of the Himalayas, guarding one of the Gates of India. The book gives a vivid idea of the loneliness and risks of such a life. Major Casserly tells his story in a straightforward way, and the book will appeal to all lovers of sport and daring. Illustrated, 12s. 6d. net.

A volume on "Dante and the Early Astronomers" will be published by Messrs. Gall and Inglis early in April. The author is Mrs. John Evershed of Kodjikanal, a lady well known in astronomical circles. The book traces developments of astronomy from the earliest times, shows the influence of early astronomers on the ideas of Dante and his contemporaries, and discusses the astronomical references in Dante's writings and the views of commentators regarding them.

"Florentine Vignettes," being some metrical letters of the late Vernon Arnold Slade, edited by Wilfrid Thorley, will be published by Mr. Elkin Mathews next week. The editor is, of course, author of the letters, which are written in the guise of an art student newly arrived among the wonders of the Tuscan capital. There will be a frontispiece adapted from the pediment of Cellini's "Perseus," and a tail-piece taken from masks on a drinking fountain in the Casciné—the Hyde Park of Florence.

Thirteen years ago Miss Norma Lorimer wrote an entirely original travel book, "By the Waters of Sicily," which, after its immediate success, went out of print, and is now to be re-issued at a cheaper price by Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. Miss Lorimer, whose latest novel, "A Wife Out of Egypt," is now in its sixth edition, is publishing next month, with Stanley Paul and Co., a travel book somewhat on the same lines as the "Sicily" book, "By the Waters of Germany."

Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company announce that they have become publishers for the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The *Print-Collector's Quarterly* issued by the Museum will be printed at the Riverside Press, and can be obtained from Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company. Mr. FitzRoy Carrington, curator of the Print Department at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and Lecturer on the History and Principles of Engraving at Harvard University, who has edited the *Quarterly* during the three years of its existence, will continue as Editor.

In the *General Anzeiger* of Magdeburg, for March 21, Rear-Admiral Galster publishes a thoughtful article headed "Understanding with England," in which he heartily welcomes the material improvement in British-German relations. In view, however, of the general opposition to disarmament, the Admiral urges that Germany must not relax her efforts at keeping both her army and her navy fully up to the mark, and in his opinion it is more especially on the army that she should concentrate her greatest endeavours, for it will ever be her army and not her navy that is her greatest strength and protection.

One of the most splendid groups of English Silver which figured in the Ashburnham Sale at Messrs. Christie's, the great set of three Charles II pieces in silver-gilt, has, by the generosity of Mr. Harvey Hadden, been presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum. The objects stand about fourteen inches in height, and bear the London hall-mark for the year 1675-6, in conjunction with the marks of two makers whose names are unfortunately unknown. Such a group does not exist outside two or three of the great houses of England, and the price of over £3,700 which they reached in the sale-room is an index of their rarity. They are exhibited in Room 39.

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At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

LAST week I recorded that compromise was in the air, but gusts of passion come from both sides and blow it this way and that. Stanley Buckmaster, the Solicitor-General, seemed to think he ought to make a speech on Home Rule. I think it must have been prepared last week—if so, it would have been better if he had dismissed it from his mind and made a fresh one to fit the altered circumstance; as it was, he only poured oil on the troubled flames. It was a clever speech from his point of view, and polished, but quite out of focus with the present state of feeling, and it did neither himself nor his party any good. The speech of the evening was undoubtedly delivered by Mark Sykes—a young man who seems to have been everywhere and done everything. He pleaded earnestly and eloquently for a settlement—he even appealed to Redmond, and obtained a favourable hearing from the whole house.

The evening of Wednesday, the 1st, was to have been devoted to a private member's motion on the divorce laws, but Hugh Cecil and his friends had made an April fool of Francis, the Radical member who had won the first place. Lord Hugh had over and over again complained of blocking motions, the Premier had promised to see to it but nothing had been done; so the three Musketeers below the gangway—Cecil, Helmsley and Wolmer—determined to teach the House a lesson, and incidentally protect the High Church position. After questions, they deliberately brought up a dummy Divorce Bill, which effectively blocked poor Francis and his motion. The Speaker appealed in vain to Athos—I mean Hugh—to withdraw his Bill; but he was obdurate, and Francis had to give way to a labour discussion on South Africa and the deportation of the ridiculous nine; but nothing came of it, as usual.

On Thursday, the mischievous effect of Buckmaster's speech was seen. The papers had reflected the position in the morning according to their political leanings, so Balfour went to the box and began to clear the air again. The Bill is supposed to bring peace to Ireland; but "by the irony of fate we are discussing how war is to be prevented, and the message of peace hindered from lighting a conflagration in the north of Ireland such as has not been known for centuries." In spite of denials Balfour had a strong belief that there was a definite bargain between the Government and the Nationalists that the Bill must be passed before there is a general election. "You say that the country must be consulted before the Bill comes into operation," he said, "and yet you know that there will be an outbreak in Ulster before the verdict of the people can be taken. This is a most dangerous, if not a most wicked policy."

Samuel replied. He forgot all about Grey and his hints at compromise; he accused Balfour of standing still, and attacked the Army for disobedience. He

scolded him for saying there were occasions when the soldier could use personal discretion. Balfour seized the opportunity to take a picturesque example. Pointing to the Mace, he said:—"Suppose the Army was ordered to take away that bauble—ought they to do it?" You could see the wheels in Samuel's head whirr round as he tried to think of an answer—which the Unionists shouted for. "It is a question whether the order would be lawful, but the soldiers ought to obey; the remedy would be to eject the Government who gave such an order." "After the bauble is removed?" asked Balfour with deadly intention. Samuel tried to argue it, but not very successfully. "The Government do not want to use force, but you must not use our reluctance as a weapon to wreck our Bill." If you ask me where we stood at 11 p.m. I am sure I could not tell you. Asquith, by his masterly flight to Fife, has undoubtedly put his party into a better position; the storm over the Army is dying down and the question of Home Rule is reasserting itself. The moderate men of both parties want a compromise, but do not quite know what to suggest. Schemes of concurrent Federation are suggested only to be scouted. One of the papers quoted the late Lord Salisbury, who said: "Nothing is more dangerous than for people to say something must be done, yet not knowing what to do." On the whole I can only report that the parties seem to have drifted apart again, and the only consistent attitude is that of Ulster, who declares that she at any rate "Will not have Home Rule."

In the meantime a mild sensation has been caused by the Lord Chancellor of England, of all people, "monkeying" (to use the elegant expression of a back bencher) with the official reports. In correcting the proof he put in a word which he had never uttered. If such a thing had been done, say by Lord Halsbury in the old days, the Radicals would have lifted the roof of the House of Commons with their cries; but this kind of thing from Radical Ministers is taken almost as a matter of course.

On Friday everybody agreed that the law regarding the shipping of poor worn out old horses to the Continent was a scandal and a disgrace to Englishmen; and after a lot of tales of cruelty, a Bill was read a second time to stop the traffic; it was entirely non-political. A measure to enable Nonconformist bodies to enfranchise places of worship held upon lease was also read a second time.

On Monday the debate on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill came to an end. On Saturday the leaders of the Unionist Party had demonstrated in Hyde Park. The party are not good at demonstrations—they have not the necessary machinery, and the majority of the leaders are not accustomed to speak in the open air; but I am bound to say that on this occasion Harry Samuel and W. Kay Waterson, his lieutenant, managed admirably. There was not a hitch from start to finish, and the details had been carried out with meticulous care. The police estimate of the numbers is the only one worth having, and at the time of writing I have not seen it, but as far as

I can judge there must have been nearly half a million people round the platforms. If the weather had been a little more settled, there would certainly have been another hundred thousand present. People are willing to take any amount of trouble in a great cause, but they cannot stand rain—"like Catherine of Cleves, who didn't mind death, but she could not stand pinching!" However, it was a splendid and impressive sight. Mr. Balfour turned up quite unexpectedly and spoke well. "I never thought that in my old age I should ever demonstrate in Hyde Park," he said to an old colleague, who answered, "Nor did I!" but they were both there, showing the importance they attached to it.

In the afternoon all signs of compromise had disappeared. It seemed to me as though we had been through the rapids of the Army intrigue, meandered slowly round a lake of compromise, and were now drifting nearer and nearer a Niagara of disaster. John Redmond rose first. He spoke in a subdued voice, but at times was quite eloquent. He referred to the way he had devoted his life to the cause of Ireland, but he would cheerfully step "down and out" if he could see the fulfilment of his hopes. He held out his hands to Carson and said, "We are both Irishmen, we both love Ireland—cannot we come together and see what we can do for our common country?" But he soon made it clear that his offer meant all take and no give. He was in favour of Federalism, but the Home Rule Bill must be the basis of it as far as Ireland is concerned.

Carson replied. He was equally immovable. He denied that the Home Rule Bill could form the basis of any scheme of Federalism. He accused the Government of wanting to pass the Bill so that they would be able to say they had kept their word with Redmond, then to go to the country, and, if the verdict was against them, to leave to us the odious task of repealing an Act of Parliament and cleaning up the mess. Much comment was made of the fact that Grey was absent. The Prime Minister had left the matter in his hands, and it was alleged he had gone fishing. It really was a scandal, the contemptuous way the Government were treating the opposition and the House on so great an occasion.

Simon said the six years' offer was still open. Tim Healy snarled at everybody. The Unionists will be saying to the people, "Will you allow Free Traders free trade in blood?" Bonar Law, as usual, with no notes, made an admirable and statesmanlike speech. Asquith had denied there was any bargain, but John Redmond had not; what are the use of further conservations when Redmond can put his veto on any proposals for compromise? He made a further offer. If the Government would submit their Bill with their Ulster exclusions (not ours) to a General Election, and the country approved it, he had Lansdowne's word that the Unionist majority in the Lords would pass it at once, so that it would come under the Parliament Act. This is an advance on anything that he has offered before, but, as he said, he would go to the greatest lengths to avoid civil war.

Birrell "birrelled." He was not in a position to accept or decline any offer—Asquith, Grey, George, and Churchill were all absent. McKenna was derisively cheered when he appeared about half-past ten. Birrell sat down at four minutes to eleven. Peto got up to continue the debate, and aroused a storm of protest from the Ministerialists, but he roared out his sentences until McKenna moved the closure. This meant three divisions. The closure was carried by 84; the majority, however, sank to 80 on the amendment, to the surprise of the Government Whips. The Unionists pointed out that there were 74 Nationalists present and most of the Labour Party, so it was not much of a victory for the Liberals. We did not challenge a division on the main question, but, as one conspirator, who had engineered the drop in the majority, gleefully remarked to me, "We have caused over 50 Scots Radicals to lose their trains North to-night." The House of Commons is a medley of great and small things!

On Tuesday morning a sensation was caused by disclosures in the *Morning Post*, showing that a plan of campaign of a very serious character had been thoroughly well thought out by the Government. The 3rd Cavalry Brigade were to seize the bridges on the Boyne, a fleet was to anchor in Belfast Lough, and 25,000 troops were to be employed. The Opposition did everything they could to get information out of McKenna, but failed hopelessly. He was a monument of bland ignorance. The rest of the day was spent in clearing up small Bills.

Lulu Harcourt persuaded the House to guarantee a loan of £3,000,000 for the development of the East African Protectorates. Gilbert Parker suggested that we had better annexe them all and get unchallenged sovereignty before we became responsible for so large a loan. There were the usual squeals from the Little Englanders, and then we discussed the alterations at Charing Cross.

In the evening Mr. Lyle brought forward a motion for voting by means of a patent kind of second ballot.

There was a very poor attendance all day, the debaters consisting chiefly of Scotchmen who lost their trains last night.

On Wednesday we adjourned for a week over Easter.

NEXT WEEK will appear in THE ACADEMY

The Second of a Series of
Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

No. 2 will be addressed to

MISS MARIE CORELLI.

No. 3. To MR. ARNOLD BENNETT.

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Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

JAPAN'S MONOPOLY OF PUBLICITY

A GAIN and again we have commented in these columns upon the inadequacy of the news contained in the daily Press relating to Foreign Affairs. Complaint in particular applies to the Far East, a region in which British financial and commercial interests predominate. The information that is received from China is scanty enough, but with diligence we are at least able to piece together from time to time a coherent narrative of events. As far as Japan is concerned, however, only rarely are we permitted brief glimpses of the momentous developments that are shaping themselves in that country. Doubtless the time-worn objection will be forthcoming that the land of our Ally is so remote that little interest can be stimulated in its affairs, more especially during a period when our own domestic turmoil has become almost an obsession. Indifference of this kind clearly fails to take into account several considerations of intimate concern to the thoughtful classes of Great Britain. Our relations with Japan go a long way towards determining foreign policy all over the world. To Japan we have abandoned, or, to put it another way, delegated the duty of protecting British interests in the Pacific. That in itself should be an inducement for us to give some attention to her progress as a nation. We ought to assure ourselves as to whether or not she is possessed of political stability sufficient to enable her to fulfil her Treaty obligations. That is to say, inquiry should be set on foot so as to ascertain the truth or otherwise of the suggestion frequently heard that by underhand methods her traders and merchants, with the full cognisance of the Government, are assailing the privileged position of Great Britain in the valley of the Yangtze.

Other important matters also have arisen in regard to which it is desirable that the public in this country be enlightened. Japan at present is in the throes of a many-sided transition. To begin with, she is completely bereft of men possessed either of the prestige or the capacity to govern. Her finances are in a parlous state, a circumstance that must give rise to apprehension in England, where is held the greater part of the loans which go to make up her enormous foreign indebtedness. Moreover, her administrative system is afflicted with unsavoury scandals. Corruption has exhibited itself in the Navy, and in this connection, though no proof has been forthcoming, the name of one British firm has been mentioned, and at least one British subject is under arrest. Here it may be mentioned that the Japanese Judiciary is notoriously incompetent, and has on more than one occasion manifested an unhappy prejudice against foreigners.

It is deeply to be deplored that just at the present time, when everything is topsy-turvy in Japan, the facilities for transmitting news from that country abroad, and to that country from abroad, should have

passed completely to the control of the Japanese themselves. A number of Japanese business men and business concerns have formed a National News Agency which, in addition to fulfilling the purposes described, will print and publish a daily paper in Tokyo. Baron Shibusawa, the leading financial magnate of the country, whose advice and services are frequently utilised by the Government, has assumed the leading part in the undertaking. Among the promoters are the Industrial Bank, the Yokohama Specie Bank, and the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, all three of which are flourishing commercial concerns enjoying the financial support of the Government, while the first two are looked upon as almost semi-official in character.

With the last-mentioned company the late Captain Brinkley was connected. This gentleman, who was the Tokyo correspondent of *The Times* and the editor of an English journal in Yokohama, enjoyed a world-wide reputation for the enthusiastic way in which he championed the Japanese cause. Ultimately he came to be regarded as more Japanese than the Japanese themselves, and under the circumstances it was not surprising that his writings attained to an authority peculiarly their own.

In regard to the activities of the late Captain Brinkley and to those of the agency newly established, it would almost be gratuitous to say that the Japanese are fully entitled to chose their own mediums of expression. Similar agencies exist in other countries. What is extraordinary about the new Japanese organisation is that it should have succeeded in inducing Reuter's News Agency to withdraw from the field. An agreement has been entered into between the two companies, the terms of which stipulate that Reuter's shall send their news telegrams to be circulated in Japan through the National Agency, and that they shall receive their news from Japan for circulation throughout the world solely through the medium of this National Agency. The first part of the bargain, it is claimed, differs in no respect from arrangements which Reuter's have entered into with Continental news agencies; but the all-important point arises as to whether these last undertakings are backed by commercial companies of semi-official standing, as is the case with the Japanese agency. We believe such a point cannot be answered in the negative.

The Japanese authorities frequently have suppressed news transmitted to the country when they have considered this news to be inimical to national interests. The facilities at their disposal for arbitrary action of this kind will certainly be strengthened with a Japanese news agency exclusively in the field. Moreover, we imagine that Reuter's will find themselves hampered and restricted by the knowledge that they have become, as it were, wholesale feeders to a Japanese customer in whom is vested the monopoly of retail. But however argument may differ concerning such an aspect of the subject, there can be no two opinions as to the undesirability of this country depending for its news of Japan and the Far East upon Japanese sources alone. Frankly, we are sorry that

Reuter's have abandoned the field. The nature of the competition that faced them was, no doubt, formidable. We accept their statement that they honestly believe that, as hitherto, an impartial service of news will be available. But faith in their integrity does not preclude us from disagreement with their conclusion. A point in their favour is that the Japanese News Agency is under the management of an American. On the other hand, it is argued that this gentleman is well known to entertain a sincere partiality for Japanese interests. Neither statement need be dwelt upon. We are fully persuaded that, no matter how lofty his intention might be, the foreign manager of any Japanese news agency would have his work cut out to preserve impartiality.

The Japanese are extremely sensitive as to criticism; they are accustomed to a Press that is under the police censor, and finally their passion for the secretive not unnaturally extends to their own defects and errors. It only remains to be added that the new organisation has made a rather unfortunate start. Baron Shibusawa at an inaugural lunch declared that the Agency was necessary because Japan in the past had been misrepresented to the world. If that be so, then, by inference, an altogether unmerited censure is passed upon Reuter's Agency, and the conclusion is warranted that in the future the disagreeable truth will not be allowed to escape to Europe. In the interests of British policy steps must be taken forthwith to establish an independent news service to and from the Far East.

MOTORING

AN instructive paper on the "Oil Resources of the Empire" was read by Dr. F. M. Perkin before the Colonial section of the Royal Society of Arts. The lecturer's survey of the position was of especial interest to motorists, inasmuch as it included, in addition to an examination of the sources from which heavy oils, suitable for marine work, etc. can be obtained, references to the possibilities of benzol as a fuel for ordinary motoring purposes. Dr. Perkin sees no reason to hope that Great Britain will be able to import this spirit, or any other coal-tar products, from the Colonies, and if he is correct in this view the prospect of the motorist finding relief in this direction is very remote, the potential production of benzol in this country being altogether insignificant compared with the enormous and growing demand for motor fuel. The Chairman, Sir Charles Bedford, appears to be in agreement with Dr. Ormanby in regarding alcohol as the fuel of the future. He somewhat severely criticised the Government for its apparent indifference, and suggested the formation of a permanent Imperial Commercial Intelligence and Research Department to carry out the work of investigation.

An interesting feature of the growth of the motor industry in this country is the conspicuous position

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occupied in it by many of the old-time champions of the cycling track. To mention only three of these—Mr. Frank Shorland, the holder of numerous world's cycling records, and the hero of the great 24 hours Cuca Cup Race, has been for the last six years the dominant personality in the Clement-Talbot Company; Mr. S. F. Edge, whose association with the Napier is a matter of household knowledge; and Mr. J. H. Adams, who has more track records on the old "penny-farthing" machine than any other amateur, and who has for many years represented the interests of the Belsize Company in London and the South of England. This reflection is inspired by the recent announcement that Mr. Shorland has been appointed managing director of the firm which turns out the "Invincible Talbot." There is nothing surprising in this to those who have watched the progress made by Messrs. Clement-Talbot, Ltd. since the old cycling champion assumed the management of the company. That the exhaustless energy characteristic of the man has found full expression in the Talbot interests is obvious on examination of the position held by the Talbot car to-day. It is now known in every part of the world as one of the worthiest representatives of British motor design and construction; records previously held to be impossible have been made by it in the Colonies; and it is the first car in the world to cover a hundred miles in the hour—an achievement which must stand out in the history of automobilism for all time. Further

evidence of the advance of the Talbot under Mr. Shorland's control is afforded by the great developments which have taken place in the works at Barlby Road. Four years ago it was found necessary to increase the size of the works by more than half, and additional extensions, which will double the size of the existing works, are now approaching completion. Within the last five years £60,000 worth of new machinery has been installed in the extensive premises, whilst the general staff and workmen have been increased by 100 per cent. The part played by Mr. Shorland in this prosperity is universally admitted; and, whilst he himself is to be congratulated on his new honour, the firm have every reason to congratulate themselves upon securing the services of such a capable administrator.

The complete list of entries for the Tourist Trophy Race of 1914 is as follows:—Three Minervas, three Humbers, two Straker-Squires, three Sunbeams, two Stars, three Vauxhalls, three Adlers, two S.A.V.A.'s, one D.F.P., and one Crossley—twenty-four in all. The race, which is of course under the auspices of the R.A.C., will be held in the Isle of Man, over the same course as that used for the "Four-inch" race in 1908, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 10 and 11. The total distance to be covered is about 600 miles, and the winner will receive, in addition to the Tourist Trophy, a cash prize of £1,000. The second prize is £250, and there is also a team prize of £300, as well as a special prize of £100 for the best performance on a fuel other than exclusively petrol. As mentioned in a previous issue, all the cash prizes are being presented by the proprietors of the "Daily Telegraph." Apart from the awards above indicated, the Henry Edmunds Challenge Trophy will be awarded to the entrant whose car makes the best aggregate time in the sixteen ascents from Ramsay to the Bungalow which have to be negotiated during the two days' race.

Mr. P. H. Dodson, whose name is associated with a popular motor-car, has returned to England after a lengthy tour in Australia and a visit to South Africa. In a 2,000 miles journey across the Australian Continent, as well as in motor trips to the Cape, Mr. Dodson used Dunlops on his valveless car, and it is worth noting that during the whole of his journeys he had no occasion to touch a single one for any cause whatever. Mr. Dodson drove his car to the top of Cape Point, a feat never before accomplished, the gradient being in parts 1 in 7 and 1 in 5.

"Humour and Pathos of English Country Life" is the title of a dramatic lecture-recital to be given by Mr. Walter Raymond at Stationers' Hall, Ludgate Hill, on Friday, April 24, at 8 p.m., on behalf of the National Book Provident Society. Mr. Grant Richards will be in the chair.

Literary Competition

FIFTH WEEK.

DURING the thirteen weeks from March 14 to June 6 THE ACADEMY will print each week a passage from some more or less well-known author whose work is generally easily accessible either on the bookshelves at home or in the popular libraries published to-day—such libraries as Dent's Everyman's or Macmillan's Eversley Series or the Popular Editions of Standard Works issued by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, or a series such as Jack's Popular Books. Perhaps here and there an excerpt may be taken from a volume not quite so readily to hand, but for the most part the source will be wholly popular, if classic. All we promise is that nothing will appear which cannot be traced by inquiry among reading friends or a little research such as delights the true book-lover.

Thirteen quotations will appear, and to those of our readers who send in the most correct list of names of authors and titles of works, and the two next best lists, we offer a First Prize of £5, a Second Prize of £3, and a Third Prize of £2.

All competitors have to do is to fill in the Coupon given below, and after the completion of the series forward the thirteen Coupons to the Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. Results must reach us by first post on June 15, and the awards will be announced, we hope, in our issue of June 20, or, at the latest, of June 27.

It must be understood that the Editor's decision is final, and that he claims the right, in the event of a tie, to divide the prizes as he thinks proper.

QUOTATION V.

There are some books, when we close them: one or two in the course of our life, difficult as it may be to analyse or ascertain the cause: our minds seem to have made a great leap. A thousand obscure things receive light: a multitude of indefinite feelings are determined. Our intellect grasps and grapples with subjects with a capacity, a flexibility, and a vigour, before unknown to us. It masters questions hitherto perplexing, which are not even touched or referred to in the volume just closed. What is this magic? It is the spirit of the supreme author, by a magnetic influence blending with our sympathising intelligence, that directs and inspires it. By that mysterious sensibility we extend to questions he has not treated, the same intellectual force which he has exercised over those he has expounded. His genius for a time remains in us. 'Tis the same with human beings as with books. All of us encounter at least once in life, some individual who utters words that make us think for ever. There are men whose phrases are oracles; who condense in a sentence the secrets of life; who blurt out an aphorism that forms a character or illustrates an existence. A great thing is a great book, but greater than all is the talk of a great man. And what is a great man? Is it a Minister of State? Is it a victorious General? A gentleman in the Windsor uniform? A Field-Marshal covered with stars? Is it a Prelate, or a Prince? A King, even an Emperor? It may be all these; yet these, as we must all daily feel, are not necessarily great men. A great man is one who affects the mind of his generation, whether he be a monk in his cloister agitating Christendom, or a monarch crossing the Granicus, and giving a new character to the Pagan World.

"THE ACADEMY" COMPETITION.

Author's name.....

Quotation taken from.....

Competitor's name.....

Address

Coupon 5, April 11, 1914.

Copies of previous issues may be obtained by new readers desirous of taking part in the Competition.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THERE is a better tone in the City. Investment brokers have certainly been busy during the past week, and most financial houses expect an improvement after the Easter holidays. The Ulster question should be settled soon, and then there will be nothing serious to face except the labour question. This is, of course, dangerous, but the common sense of the British workman may in the end prevail.

We are, however, getting far too many new issues, nearly 98 millions having been offered during the first quarter of the year. This is distinctly serious. There are still numberless loans to be floated, and although, as I have often pointed out, the issue of good securities does not affect the money market very seriously, if we get a glut of these securities it has a tendency to keep down the price of existing loans. The power of the public to absorb new securities must be limited. No one quite knows what the savings of the British nation are. Many guesses have been made; it is generally supposed that about 200 millions are available each year, but naturally only a small portion of this goes into new issues. The Austrian Government offer of 15-year Treasury bills redeemable in sections year by year was probably taken by the bankers; it was an attractive gamble on a definite security. The Portland Railway bonds do not appeal to me in spite of Messrs. Higginson and Company having made the offer. The Central Railway of Canada seems a gamble on the optimism or otherwise of the directors, who think that the road will be able to earn dividends in a few years. The Grand Trunk 4 per cent. debentures are a thoroughly sound security. The City of Singapore loan went well, as indeed, it deserved. The General Electric 6 per cent. preference were a sound Industrial security, but I think the ordinary on the speculative side. The Queensland loan was a Trustee stock, and was fully subscribed in a few hours. City of New York bonds will probably be taken by the bankers. The public do not care about issues for which they have to tender. I wonder why the City of New York does not abandon this old-fashioned method of raising loans? I need hardly say that the security is excellent.

MONEY.—Money is cheap, and is quite likely to remain so for some time to come. After Easter the bank position is certain to be much stronger. In Berlin, St. Petersburg and in Amsterdam money is plentiful; it is only in Paris there is any stringency. Clearly, even if the rush of new issues continues, we may expect cheap money. The market rate has been dropping steadily for the past six weeks.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign market remains uneasy. No one likes the position in Paris. It is definitely bad, but whether it will result in another Panama crash is doubtful. The whole trouble, of course, arises from the reckless manner in which the Paris banks financed the bankrupt Brazilian States. The losses in Mexico have been enormous, and are irrecoverable. I am afraid we shall have to say the same in regard to much of the Brazilian loss. For example, the British public has lent the Sorocabana Railway about 3½ millions on so-called bonds. The only security that the bond-holders have is a lease of the railway. It is even doubtful whether it is a lease in the ordinary sense of the word; it was merely an agreement between the Brazil Railway and the State of San Paulo. The first mortgage on this line is held by the people who bought the

bonds issued by the Dresdner Bank. A Paris firm made an issue of bonds secured on the extension of the railway, and these are also a second mortgage on the old road. Then, again, another issue was made which forms a third mortgage on the old road and a second mortgage on the extension, so that the railway is mortgaged up to the hilt, and the bonds that the public hold are really only shares. The Brazil Railway is in a dangerous condition, and I warn everybody to get out. Japanese troubles still continue, and the news from China is definitely bad; it is quite possible, however, that China, being intrinsically honest, will pull through. It is the game of the Five Powers to make it appear impossible for China to get on without their help.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Railway market is dull, and likely to remain so until we see how the strike troubles are going to end, but investors who wish to purchase securities that yield them over 5 per cent. cannot go wrong if they buy London and North Western, Great Western or North Eastern. All are quite sound and good, but I must admit that it is possible that they would be able to buy cheaper if they wait.

YANKEES.—The American market is dull; no business is doing, and the gambler has quite deserted it. There is nothing to go for. The big bankers are busy placing bond issues or short-dated notes, and they do not encourage speculation. New York Central figures for the year are not good, but at the same time they are not so bad as some people expected. The Copper figures are good on paper, but many people suspect a rig. However, the Copper ring has decided to keep up the price, and if money remains cheap they will probably succeed. They have evidently a big stock to unload.

RUBBER.—In the Rubber market the reports that come

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out are fairly satisfactory. United Sumatra pays a dividend of $33\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but the accounts are spread over a period of eighteen months, and compare with a report of twelve months in which 25 per cent. was paid. On the whole this is a satisfactory showing, especially as the company carry forward £16,300. Seafield is not quite so good; the dividend is reduced from 65 per cent. to 45 per cent. Klanang profits have fallen from £33,000 to £24,250, and as a result the dividend is down from 125 per cent. to $77\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Various smaller companies have also issued their reports, and, on the whole, they are reasonably good considering the low price of rubber. Most of them have been able to reduce their cost of production.

OIL.—The Oil market is quite the most excited on the Stock Exchange, and we are promised a boom after Easter. Spies are said to be getting seventeen new wells into production, and the price of the shares has risen to 25s. North Caucasians have blazed for two or three days; the price has risen to 50s., and is talked to £5, which seems a fabulous figure for a 10s. share. I strongly advise my readers to take their profit to-day. The sharp crowd who run Venezuelan Oil Concessions announce that a gusher has been struck, and the shares jumped 20s. in a few hours. Here also speculators should be careful to take their profit. There is good news from Egypt, where No. 13 well is stated to be producing big quantities of oil. We may see a rise in all Egyptian Oil shares. Shell and Royal Dutch are hard, and undoubtedly the whole Oil market looks like going better.

MINES.—In the Mining market the inevitable has come at last, and Great Cobar is in the hands of the Receiver for the debenture holders. I have long prophesied that this would happen. It was found impossible to carry the reconstruction through, and the debenture holders decided to seize the property. I do not think that the ordinary shareholders will get a penny. Geduld report is definitely bad, profits having fallen, and the only consolation that shareholders have is that the ore reserves have increased. Wit Deep has had a good year, and the dividend is increased, whilst the whole position looks much better. Lonely report was not liked. There is nothing doing in the Cobalt section; indeed, all the Canadian mines are entirely neglected. Russian mining also lacks support, trouble in St. Petersburg having stopped all gambling. Russo-Asiatics have, however, hardened to over 8.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the Miscellaneous market Armstrong, Whitworth figures show increased profits. This is certainly satisfactory, as last year a portion of the reserve was capitalised; therefore the dividend had to be paid upon a larger capital. The Behera figures have now come over, but the report is not at all satisfactory, and the rumour that this company proposes to take possession of the Sidi Salem land is very disconcerting. If there is any truth

in this story we may expect a great row, for English people have bought Sidi Salem shares on the understanding that the Behera would support its offspring; it now appears that it will do nothing of the sort. Behera shares are unsaleable at a few shillings. Not so very long ago they were 40s.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

ON IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—At the risk of incurring your editorial impatience, I must beg to be allowed still more space in order to make it perfectly clear to Mr. Allen that an Imperial Zollverein would indubitably benefit the English farmer, as well as England and the Empire generally. And this because it would stimulate trade and industry immensely; would greatly enlarge the markets and the "opportunities" of the British manufacturers and farmers, and would be a tremendous advance-march on the true lines and principles of Free Trade, as opposed to the false lines and principles of that limited and farcical policy of "Free Trade" which has so long been permitted to prevail in Great Britain. But, of course, Mr. Allen will require something more than merely my assurance, in so far as the agricultural interests of Great Britain are concerned. In the first place, then, it would benefit directly by opening out new fields for commerce and manufactures, thereby increasing home prosperity and augmenting the purchasing capacities of the British people, while at the same time it would enlarge the home market for British farm products. In the second place, it would advance the interests and prosperity of the farmer by reason of the effects such a policy would produce for and in the Free British Commonwealths thus included in such a Federation—inasmuch as there would be a very considerably increased demand on their part for British stock and grain, for seeds and implements. And this because the Free British Commonwealths, or the farmers there, have not hitherto taken much interest in the higher forms of agriculture, or in the special breeding of stock and the cultivation of their meadows. The reason is obvious: the Colonial farmers have not heretofore had any special "call" or occasion to engage in higher forms of agriculture. There have been exceptions, and these are becoming less "exceptional" every day. Just the same, however, an Imperial Zollverein would give a powerful stimulus to improved methods throughout the Commonwealths, with the consequence that the British farmers would immediately benefit by the increased demand for prize stock and grains, seeds, and horticultural products. Again, an Imperial Federation, even though it might not (and would not) increase the price of wheat a single farthing the bushel, would at all events eliminate foreign competition. But, of course, that does not appeal to Mr. Allen, who must have all or nothing. It would also greatly promote British shipping interests throughout the Empire, and would advance the maritime interests and seacoast facilities of the Commonwealths.

In fact, there is so much to be said in support of an Imperial Zollverein that it appears marvellous why Britons "at home" should have been so blind to all reason and "ideas" advanced in its behalf. Yet, when we come to think of it, it has ever been thus; and dark though the present British outlook, even a darker cloud lowered o'er England in the eighteenth century, until Chatham's genius and patriotism converted gloom into sunshine, public consternation into intelligent order and prompt action,

THE Sunday Times

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"City Chatter" by "Magpie"

is acknowledged by all experts to be the most interesting, instructive and accurate article on current financial matters.

and British discredit abroad and humiliation at home into high renown and victory and acquisition of territory. So, in spite of Mr. Allen's earlier cynicism and later "stoicism," let him take heart and help forward, or else await joyfully the realisation of the "dream" of Imperial Federation. For either it will be accomplished or there will be a speedy readjustment of the maps of the four great continents. But if Mr. Allen lacks faith, still I should be greatly surprised if there remains not a sufficiently virile and eager "remnant" who will so "rally around the old flag" as to enforce the mandate of a consolidated race and Empire: just as in the confused days of Walpole, Fox and Newcastle (who trusted alone to "save England" by corrupt methods and the employment of foreign mercenaries), Chatham appealed to the heart and manhood of England to clear the political ship and to stand (for themselves and by themselves) for their country's honour and salvation: and he did not appeal in vain. As to Mr. Allen's renewed comments and reflections upon "Canada's future," I can only repeat that his prognostications are ill-founded. It may be true that such a "Union" as he professes to esteem probable might strengthen the "Anglo-Saxon" forces and more leavening element of the United States' aggregate, but it could only be infinitesimal. But I think that your correspondent must have been reading Goldwin Smith—that singularly incongruous and anomalous type of Englishman who, while an admirable scholar and essayist, had little weight in public affairs. He was, in fact, utterly inconsistent, and could not so much as command a corporal's guard of adherents in Canada, his adopted country, which he so desired to hand over to the United States! If Mr. Allen has any doubt as to the justification of my assertions, by all means let him go to Canada and there seek to propagate his opinions.

Buffalo, U.S.A.

EDWIN RIDLEY.

CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FUND.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—We ask you to-day to make known the need for an army of new workers to carry on one of London's most happily inspired charities. The Children's Country Holidays Fund requires a dozen Honorary Secretaries and perhaps a hundred voluntary workers in addition to those already engaged, and needs them in every part of the London area. The Fund, more necessary year by year to this vast and ever-growing city, sees its development arrested, and even its present usefulness threatened by the increasing difficulty in filling the gaps in the body of workers whom the late Canon Barnett gathered around him, and whom he seemed able to call from the four quarters of the city in numbers that grew always larger as the work developed. In spite of the increasing competition of paid social work, and the attraction which its apparently more serious character has for those who are desirous of helping their fellows, we believe that there are very many, both men and women, who would willingly come forward to fill the vacancies amongst our honorary secretaries and in the ranks of our visitors to the London schools and parents' homes, if once they understood the extent of our need and the opportunities offered by work for this Fund to train oneself in, and to render, social service.

The object of the Fund is not only to give holidays to the children of the very poorest, but also to supplement the efforts of that vast number of self-respecting and hard-working citizens whose budget does not offer sufficient margin to cover the whole cost of a holiday for their little ones. The children we are helping may be ailing; they may have recently recovered from some operation or ill-

ness, or it may be that they have never seen the blue sky arching over a green field, or wild flowers growing freely by the wayside. Their parents contribute according to their means to promote the children's health and happiness, and the relation thus brought about between them and the Children's Country Holidays Fund affords an unrivalled opportunity for those who have some leisure to bestow in helping those about them, to get naturally and easily into touch with the poorer wage-earners. The nature of the gift—a child's holiday—is such that it can be accepted with no loss of dignity, and the intercourse is rendered all the pleasanter by the fact that any money that actually passes is paid by the parent and received by the visitor. The work amalgamates admirably with that of the Care Committees, the pressure of the latter being at its heaviest in the winter, and of the former in the summer, the children dealt with being in many cases the same. The Honorary Secretaries of C.C.H.F. Committees in any part of London will find work to call out and develop all their powers of organisation; will acquire as wide a knowledge of conditions in the district as they can hope by any means to obtain, and will find themselves admirably placed for entering upon further social service if desirous of so doing.

We shall be glad if anyone who wishes to learn more of the opportunities of social service indicated in this letter will communicate with the Secretary, Mr. Geoffrey Marchand, Children's Country Holidays Fund, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. We are, sir, your obedient servants,

ALEXANDER OF TECK, President.

ARRAN, Treasurer.

HAMBLEDEN, { Trustees.

LOREBURN, }

FRANCIS MORRIS,

Chairman, Executive Committee.

J. BAYFIELD CLARK,

Vice-Chairman, Executive Committee.

18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

April 2, 1914.

BRAILLE BOOKS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I wonder if you will allow me a little space in which to talk of a rather important point with regard to the production of Braille books.

There are many kindly sighted people in this country who make these books by hand, and this is also done at various institutions by blind people, particularly at the National Lending Library, so ably managed by Miss Austin. But the work is necessarily extremely slow, and the entire production of such books does not supply a fraction of the demand for Braille reading matter. I should like, by your courtesy, to suggest that in future Braille books thus produced should be of a special nature, and not, as is usually the case at present, books of general interest which can so much better be made in large quantities by machinery. There are many people who cannot see to read, but have some special pursuit or some special hobby with regard to which they require books that, though of great interest to them, are not of sufficient general interest to warrant their production in quantities. I want to establish a department here, the object of which will be the carrying out of this idea, provided that a sufficient demand and means of supply exist. I shall be very glad if people who are dependent upon Braille for reading will communicate with me, mentioning any particular book of a really special nature which they would like; and if kindly folk who are prepared to make such books will also let me hear from them. The rest will be easy, and I feel sure that great advantages will result.

I was led to this idea by being told by our chairman, Dr. Ranger (who possesses, I believe, a unique Braille library), that for many years past two ladies have devoted much of their leisure time to making him Braille books on special subjects.

I hope this letter may perhaps have the result of increasing the number of people who engage in the kindly task of making Braille books by hand. The work is quite simple and quite easily learnt, and I am sure that much time which is now spent on comparatively useless occupations could be with great advantage employed for this.

Believe me to be,

Yours faithfully,

C. ARTHUR PEARSON,

Hon. Treasurer.

National Institutè for the Blind,
206, Great Portland Street.

REFERENDUM!

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir—In the event of a General Election taking place, let us make REFERENDUM our battle-cry. Let us insist, in other words, on *real* popular control over legislation, and put a stop for ever to the possibility of government by Cabinet with no constitutional check whatever and with no obligation to consult the popular will in the only way possible. Your obedient servant,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

London Institution, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

PREMATURE BURIAL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The question of premature burial raised in the letter of Mr. Williamson that you publish is undoubtedly one of very great importance.

I personally know two gentlemen who possess their own death certificates, under which they could have been buried, signed by duly qualified medical men.

In view of your editorial note I would ask you to spare room for this short letter. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

DARNLEY CLIFTON.

13, King's Bench Walk,
Temple, E.C.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Two Virtues.* A Comedy in Four Acts. By Alfred Sutro. (Duckworth and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)
White Slave's of Toil. By W. N. Willis. C. Arthur Pearson. 1s. net.)
Plays. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. Complete Edition with Portrait. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)
England's Peasantry, and Other Essays. By Augustus Jessopp, D.D. With Frontispiece. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)
Outline Lecture on Herod's Temple of the New Testament. (Charles H. Kelly. 1s.)
Letters from a Living Dead Man. Written down by Elsa Barker. (Wm Rider and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)
A History of British Mammals. By Gerald E. H. Barrett-Hamilton. Part XV. Illustrated. (Gurney and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.)

Social Reform as Related to Realities and Delusions. By W. H. Mallock. (John Murray. 6s. net.)

Parsifal: An Analysis and Some Thoughts on the Symbolism. By Charles Cantor. (Year Book Press. 1s.)

The Way of Unity and Peace. (Smith, Elder and Co. 1d.)

Anecdotes of Pulpit and Parish. Collected and Arranged by Arthur H. Engelbach. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

Where no Fear was: A Book about Fear. By Arthur Christopher Benson. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)

Outlines. A Book of Drawings by E. H. R. Collings. (The Author, 24, Gorst Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W. 3s. 6d. net. Post free.)

Andromache. A Play in Three Acts. By Gilbert Murray. (G. Allen and Co. 1s. net.)

Intermediate Types among Primitive Folk. A Study in Social Evolution by Edward Carpenter. (G. Allen and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

Robert Louis Stevenson: A Bibliography of His Complete Works. By J. Herbert Slater. (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Hail and Farewell! III. Vale. By George Moore. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

The History of England from the Accession of James II. By Lord Macaulay. Edited by Charles Harding Firth, M.A. In Six Volumes. Vol. II. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Story of P.M. Marjorie, with her Complete Diaries. By Lachlan Macbean. With Portraits and Other Illustrations. (Simpkin and Co. 2s. 6d.)

The History of the Highland Clearances. By Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A. With a New Introduction by Ian MacPherson, M.P. (Eneas Mackay, Stirling. 2s. 6d. net.)

Men and Women of the Italian Reformation. By Christopher Hare. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

The English People Overseas, Vol. VI, South Africa, 1486-1913. By A. Wyatt Tilby. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Millers of Haddington, Dunbar and Dunfermline: A Record of Scottish Bookselling. By W. J. Couper, M.A. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

Napoleon in Exile: Elba. By Norman Young. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 21s. net.)

Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité: Tome X. La Grèce Archaique. By Georges Perrot. Illustrated. (Hachette and Co. 30 frs.)

The History of the Nations. Edited by Walter Hutchinson, M.A. Part V. Illustrated. (Hutchinson and Co. 7d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Literary Digest; Cambridge University Reporter; Educational Times; Revue Critique; Hungarian Spectator; The Forum; Harper's Monthly; Book Prices Current; University Correspondent; School World; Journal of the Imperial Arts League; Church Quarterly Review; Eugenics Review; Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society; Mercure de France; United Empire Review; The Author; St. George's Magazine; Revue Bleue; Book-seller; Collegian; Bibelot; Wednesday Review; Publishers' Circular.